TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

If I remember correctly when a former agitation was set afoot for the prevention of partisan band—playing on the street, the city decided they had no power to suppress such nuisances. It seems strange to me that the Council could not pass a by-law forbidding all bands to play in the public thoroughfare without permission from some officer appointed for the purpose. If this be the case, however, at the next session of the Legislature such powers should be obtained as will enable the police to prevent such disgraceful scenes as have been of frequent occurrence not only recently, but for many years. Processions of hoodlums disgracing the name of the Orange fraternity and all kindred associations, are in the habit of parading behind fife and drum bands to partisan tunes and with a plentiful display of insulting placards. I have been told that the Orange lodges have endeavored to prevent their good name being dragged through the mire by these bands of blackguards whose progress would be much more suitably marked with ball and chain than by alleged music. Some of the city papers have properly deplored the tendency to exaggerate the attack on Archbishop Walsh as well as the small riots caused by these disturbers of the peace. It has been plainly demonstrated, however, that there is a certain element in this city, though it cannot be a large one, entirely in sympathy with the stone throwers and persecutors of Romanists who have done such widespread harm to the good name of Toronto. The proper punishment of such offenders and the suppression of hoodlum processions are absolutely necessary to the public peace and to the reputation of the city. Furthermore, if the fool kil'er is not dead he should be introduced to some of those pin-headed bigots who, though they have outgrown the years of youthful folly, have not escaped from that peasant ignorance and ferocious fanaticism which delights in exhibitions of rowdyism and thoroughly believe, despite the enlightenment of the last decades of the nineteenth century, that King William and God Almighty look down with approving smiles when a dirty nosed whelp shies a rock at a passing papist.

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It may be urged that the Catholics themselves are not inoffensive in such matters. This is true, but street rows of recent years in Toronto almost invariably indicate that Protestants are the assailants. Sometimes—last Sunday for instance—our Catholic neighbors, aroused by the assaults of such alleged Protestant hoodlums as I have described, lose their patience and the more ignorant and impulsive of them retaliate. The Jarvis street row was a sample of this. They had the excuse of the previous day's insult and injury, and while this slightly palliates their offence they must be aware that ruffianly and cowardly conduct on their part robs them of the public sympathy which is now with them and is endeavoring to bring about a better order of things. The assaults on the Orangemen on lower Jarvis street were more than usually cowardly and indefensible, as a large crowd set upon three men and in the stone throwing the safety of innocent people and women was endangered. Altogether such affairs are supremely disgraceful and the chief blame must lie with the Protestant majority, whose very strength should make them tolerant.

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When after a life full of good works and those beautiful graces which do so adorn the character, when filled with the faith which has enabled him to triumph over the woes and wickedness of the world, a Christian passes away, it is delightful and comforting to imagine him entering upon his reward in the celestial world amidst the acclaim, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." No ideal can be so beautiful in sublunary affairs, but it is pleasant some times to see men who have toiled long and hard in some special avocation at last admitted to security and plenty, crowned with the honors of office by those whose servant they have been. A conspicuous instance of this sort of thing is in the news of the week, though it is to be regretted that it is not entirely free from some elements which detract from its beauty and restrain the popular applause which might otherwise have become a deafening roar. Mr. Peter Ryan, long the faithful henchman of the Mowat government, he whose clarion tones have been wont to arouse the enthusiasm of his fellow Catholics on behalf of his master, Premier Mowat, has retired from the arena of political warfare into an office which the *Globe* describes as one "of considerable trust, dignity and emolument." The "trust" will consist principally of trusting to employes to do the work for which he is to be paid, the "dignity" is that which always accompanies an official sinecure, and the "emoluments" will be derived from fees which the Mowat government will unjustly divert from the public pocket. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Ryan will exactly fit the office, as it was made to order for his especial use. The people, the law society and propriety all clamored against the creation of this useless and disturbing position, but Premier Mowat, who has blushingly admitted that he is the true and original embodiment of "truth and righteousness in public affairs," found it absolutely necessary, either on account of his great love for Mr. Ryan, or because of the importunity of his petitioner, to outrage the decencies of office by pensioning his veteran campaigner upon an unwilling and indignant city. This could have been done without creating a new office. Mr. Ryan could have been appointed to the Toronto shrievalty if his merits and necessities were so supremely great, but if that had been done the Christian politician would have been unable to pension his deserving son who was pitchforked into that lucrative office. The indecency of creating a useless office for a supporter is sufficiently great, and the Rev. Dr. Mowat must have felt that to do such a thing for his own son would turn the stomach even of the faithful. However, the office having been created, and Mr. Ryan having been appointed to it, I make haste to congratulate him that the reward so peculiarly arranged is so eminently suited to the service which procured it. In the long, and I hope, happy days during which Registrar Ryan will have an opportunity to contemplate with rapture, "the trust, dignity and emolument" of his position, it may be that he, like his co-Registrar, may take to the writing of books. Written in his vivid and spirited style, a political Pilgrim's Progress could not but become a classic if it faithfully described all those tasks which fall to the lot of those who serve under the banner of an alleged Christian politician. Mr. Ryan's services to his party have been great; what he has accomplished for the public is not so conspicuous; it is, therefore, not an unreasonable expectation that he will those who are providing "the emoluments" the secret of his promotion from License Commissioner at nothing per year to co Registrar with nine or ten thousand dollars per annum.

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The esteemed local contemporary which for eighteen months has made it apparent that it had no other object in life than the belittling of Mayor Clarke, appears to think that it has found a new reason why he should not be elected for a third term. It asserts that a number of able aldermen are retiring from the City Council because they see no prospect of promotion, inasmuch as the present mayor is monopolizing the salary and honors of office. It would certainly be an unwise thing to shovel all the highest civic honors into the lap of one man if equally deserving and competent men who had served their apprenticeship in the city's service stood sadly apart waiting for recognition. I abhor the system of life appointments or any such tenure of office as permanently gives to one man honor, emoluments and official education which should be open to the competition of the ambitious and public spirited. The esteemed contemporary to which I refer contends that W. H. Howland, who was entirely ignorant of civic business, "stepped into the chief magistracy" with propriety, inasmuch as he was a municipal John the Baptist, the voice of one crying in the wilderness of Toronto corruption, the evangel of better days and of purer politics, but when E. F. Clarke, without preparatory experience succeeded him, he was a monstrous innovation and one not to be forgiven by those who opposed him. Toronto discovered before Mayor Howland's terms had expired that his name was not John but William, and that instead of being the harbinger of civic sense and businesslike methods he was merely a voice proceeding out of the emptiness of a cavern of conceit. In Mayor Clarke's administration practical reforms have followed hard labor for the good of the city. The entire time of the mayor has been devoted to city business and it is universally conceded that the office had never been so well filled. It was feared that when a "common printer" was elected to the highest civic position that the dignity of the office would suffer, yet no more dignified mayor has ever occupied the chair. It was feared that because he had many friends amongst the "common people," that unsavory characters would be pitchforked into office, and yet never have fewer personal friends of the Chief Magistrate received positions than during E. F. Clarke's two years as mayor. It was feared that those friends would be unfit for the places to which they might be appointed, but no instance of such unfitness can be quoted. During Mayor Howland's time the Don and C. P. R. complications had their origin. No complication has arisen during the term of his successor but many knotty questions have been solved and tangled strings straightened. A comparison of the two administrations displays the latter in the most favorable light and indeed if he were to seek for the administration which would compare most unfavorably with his own, he would doubtless select that of his predecessor, with whom the *Telegram* is so enamored.

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I admit that "good men have gone and are still going out of municipal life because there is no avenue of performent open to them." It is also true "that the best men will be driven out of or deterred from entering municipal life by a popular indifference to faithful public service." For ten years I have urged these very things as an argument why every public office the duties of which are local and the emoluments of which are derived directly from the people served should be elective, that the term of such offices should not be unreasonably long nor the salary excessive. It will be admitted that men who have well served the city cannot all be Mayor unless it be the fact that only one alderman out or thirty-nine is deserving of such recognition and that no one outside of the City Council does anything worthy of popular regard. The City Clerk holds his office for life or during good conduct which may or may not be a very elastic stipulation. So do the City Treasurer, the City Engineer, the City Solicitor, the School Inspector, the Sheriff, the Registrars, the Clerks of the Division Court, the Clerk of the County Court, and many more that might be named, but the fact that these men are holding office for life and preventing the promotion of deserving aldermen is not dwelt upon. It requires much greater natural ability and aptitude for controlling men and defining methods to fit a man for the mayoralty than to qualify a man for any other office named. Then why should a newspaper deplore the fact that a specially able mayor should retain office for three years while it has not a word of mourning because men specially incompetent and entirely deficient in public service hold other offices for life.

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I am in favor of electing them all every four or five years, and if men perform their duties to the satisfaction of the public they will no doubt be re-elected. As it is public-spirited men who have done their best for the city really have no avenue of promotion. There are three seats in the Dominion Parliament, three in the Local Legislature, and the mayoralty, seven positions in all, but as they are only open on an average once in four years it really leaves less than two rewards per annum in the gift of the people for those who diligently serve them. The ordinary rule for honoring a man under these circumstances is to give him a big funeral and an extended obituary notice. It is discouraging, is is true, but let the discouragement be put where it belongs.

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The men in our midst who receive appointments and have such official "honors" heaped upon them are the party hacks; men who have done dirty work, belly crawling and toad eating for either one political party or the other have got the fat offices and they have them for life. The onlooker who sees the public spirited and manly man who is instant in season and out of season in endeavoring to increase the prosperity and progress of Toronto, a man who spends his money and his time in building up the fortune of the community, the man to whom we go for advice in time of a crisis, kept in a back seat while heelers and shouters and the hired men of politicians are promoted to the chief places in the synagogue, can come to but one conclusion, and that conclusion will be that it pays better as far as office and "honor" go, to be the mean spirited tool of a political machine than to be a public spirited citizen. This is a nice lesson to teach the youth of Canada, but our institutions every day proceed to teach this degrading lesson.

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Honors should not be given to men simply because they have worked for them, but because they deserve them. Many an apprentice has served his time without becoming a skilful mechanic or one worthy to be a foreman. Scores and scores of aldermen have worked faithfully and well in that capacity without succeeding in demonstrating that they are fit for anything higher. In electing men to offices of public trust, the man who has served the city should have first choice, all other things being equal; but it must be borne in mind that the election of a man to an office is not so much to honor him as to procure a person fit to discharge the duties of that office. A meritorious career in one thing, but capacity, executive ability and fitness for the place is the first thing, and it is the latter which has made Mayor Clarke so conspicuous that the citizens at large are not only willing that he should again enjoy the honor, but are anxious that they shall have the benefit of his continued service.

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On Monday night, in London, Mr. W. R. Meredith delivered an exceedingly able address to his constituents defining his position as leader of the Ontario Opposition. Like all Mr. Meredith's speeches it was liberal in spirit, democratic in doctrine and showed a thorough grasp of the details of our Provincial Government. He declared himself unequivocally in favor of the abolition of exemptions and the severance of the last vestige of connection between Church and State. He deplored the existence of Separate Schools and his declaration that he was and always would be opposed to their extension could not be mistaken. He denounced the tyranny of the License Commissioners and favored their appointment in rural districts by the County Councils and their election by popular vote in the large centers of population. His criticism of the Government was strong and well sustained, but I fear that his programme is not sufficiently clear cut and aggressive to attract to him those radical elements and discontented Reformers who will not change their party allegiance until they have such a definite declaration of principles, principles so unmistakeably in advance of those at present maintained by the Liberals that their defection from their old allies will not need to be apologized for. Men do not forsake a party allegiance unless on great and special questions which will afford them such a ready explanation of their course that their former friends can be made to readily understand the reason of the change of base. Mr. Meredith was of course unable to go over the entire ground in one speech and his announcements will no doubt be supplemented—supplemented I hope, by still more radical and positive declarations of principle. He has always been much more democratic than the Liberal party and his statement that he thoroughly believes in the people and their ability to govern themselves and to select their servants suggests a programme for doing away with the abuse of patronage which has become so scandalously marked in the latter years of Premier Mowat's administration. His speech was more advanced in doctrine than any he had ever made and I am convinced that before the session is over he will have made still further advances and will adopt a thoroughly democratic position. It will be his only salvation and it is to be regretted that he has let pass so favorable an opportunity of making undeniably plain those views which all his friends are aware that he entertains.

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The Cronin verdict seems to have created considerable surprise, and some of those exceedingly clever Canadian papers which discover in every finding of an American court a defective system of administering justice, are pointing out that in spite of the evidence three men have gotten off with imprisonment for life when they should have been hanged. I do not deny that hanging would have been a very proper punishment, but none but those violently prejudiced against democratic institutions would assert that the verdict was the result of anything but the peculiarities of one of the jurors. Juror Culver seems to have been intensely religious and had it not been for him probably the whole five of them would have been hanged, a severity which would not have been justified by the evidence. It is a vindication of the jury system that between undue severity and undue leniency something very near justice was done. It is not urged that Juror Culver had been corrupted. I do not imagine that such a suspicion has been entertained. Taking the whole trial and the verdict, the efforts of the criminals' friends to acquit them, the conscientious efforts of the State to convict them, the deliberations of the jury, selected after such hard challenging, and it seems to me to do credit to the city of Chicago. Chicago is a city in which the most radical Irish have a very great influence, and yet "elected" officials were not afraid to enforce the laws and to prosecute most vigorously. Have we any similar instance of a feud between Irish factions. Remember the Biddulph murders. Evidence, more direct evidence than that offered in Chicago was produced, and yet the murderers of the Donnelly

A CHRISTMAS MORNING ACQUAINTANCE.

family escaped scot free. We can find many things in the United States system very open to criticism, but the Cronin trial is not one of them.

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I understand that the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Association has considered the remarks I made last week urging them to nominate at least one good aldermanic candidate in each ward. It is said that the committee is not entirely in favor of such a procedure, but that the matter is not yet settled. I have been assured by a very large number of people that my proposition met general approval. I hope that the whole Association will be called together, and in the wisdom of half a thousand members that a method will be devised for bringing out good men. It is natural that the Association being deeply interested in the Esplanade project should be afraid that dabbling in municipal politics might estrange the City Council which is now favorable to their plans. An association which properly represents the citizens, need not be afraid to undertake any public duty, much less to engage in a work which the whole city believes to be absolutely necessary. Strength and aggressiveness are required in those who would undertake the guardianship of the public interests in Toronto under the present circumstances. The time is short. No new organization can be effected; the necessity of forcing good men and true into candidature is pressing, and it seems to me that the Association will be shirking a public duty if they decline to use their organization in a crisis like the present.

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How seldom cometh a Christmas which seems quite so merry as other Christmasses have been. Has there ever come a Christmas so delightful as the ones we have hoped for? Yet we can endure these comparisons of past joys with present gloom and the annual disappointments of realizing on pictured pleasures and still be happy, just so long as we have not ceased to hope for still more delightful days to come. When that deceitful mirage which lingers over the horizon from whose dusky circle we have been journeying, meets our retrospective gaze, the glories of the picture have all the tints of reality and we can hear the music and the laughing and whirl in the dancing of those gay scenes. Had we kept a diary and could we turn back its pages to the time when these dreamy delights were supposed to have intoxicated our senses, we would find therein written a story of disappointment, boredom and, perhaps, bitterness, rivalling those later histories which have not yet had thrown over them the glamour of distance and the mellow of forgetful fancy. When our to-day becomes a part of the reminiscence of a double decade hence, the pictures will be splendid, the music sweet, the faces fair, the forms graceful, the eyes bright, and the voices thrilling with tones of which the reality of that time knew nothing. How few of us know how to enjoy the present and make the most of it! Enamored of the mellow sweetness of the past, dazzled by the bright dreams of the future, like the early riser who is struggling with the chill and discomfort of change between the sleeping and the waking, discontent exaggerates our ailments and finds in the mistiness of the morning a fog which aggravates our distempers. He whose face is turned backward gazing regretfully into the past must stumble sorely in his onward march. Nor can the way be smooth to the traveler who sees not the hedgerows and the blossoms, the verdure and the cooling shades which encompass him, because his eyes are fixed on distant hills and his soul is longing for the valley of To-morrow.

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There are no mile posts in the years of journeying so well remembered as the Christmas days. In childhood the mystery rivaled the beauty which surrounded the tablets which mark but a few years' progress from the cradle. Overgrown with holly, bright with berries, the jolly face and snowy beard of Santa Claus looked out from every Christmas post. When the days of youth were fraught with the miracles of Santa Claus these mile stones were as sacred with love as the pardon crosses on the smooth level roads of queer old Brittany. Up through the stretches of youth and adolescence the bright leaves and the ruddy berries grow scarcer around the Christmas mile posts until, bare of mystery and brown with dust they simply mark the lapse of years and the loss of those illusions which once made the holiday the Mecca of the year. But as one's life is renewed in the young lives that cling to one, there comes back with strange and almost saddening naturalness the mysteries and the beauties of the past, teaching those whose hearts have not hardened beyond the chance of remoulding that in the happiness of others lie the possibilities of happiness for ourselves. Blest are they who in looking backward find but short intervals between the garlands of mistletoe hung over the doorway of their youth and the arches of Christmas green beneath which dance the happy feet of the little folk that can love. Thus the joys of one's childhood weave with unbroken chain into the joys of one's children and are continued in the happiness of watching even with aged eyes the reproduction of their own pleasures in their children's children.

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Barren lives are like those mountains with fertile soil only at their base; where as the explorer ascends he finds the vegetation diminish, the air grow more chill until at last bleak and snow-capped the peak stands in frozen silence and solitude. Even the waters and the winds which come down into the valley from the glacier of selfish age, are fruitless and freezing, and one cannot but pity the life which has been upheaved beyond the warmth, the child songs and beauty of companionship and fruitfulness. To unsympathetic selfishness Christmas cheer has no sweeter taste than the cold turkey of a railway restaurant and the clammy pudding of a crowded boarding house. Wealth may gild the service and guests throng the board of the selfish, but if there has been no sacrifice for the comfort and pleasure of others there is no peace offering on the altar, and there is no happy glow in the heart on the anniversary of the birthday of Christ. The new translation of the angelic chorus is indeed appropriate, "Peace on earth to men of good will." To those who regret the past and can scarce hope for future Christmas joys, what an infallible recipe for happiness this is. Show your good will toward your kind and peace will dwell with them. Every joy of the past will come back again with sweetest refrain. More lasting than pleasing memories, more satisfying than ambitious hopes, will be the inward spark of happiness from heaven which comes not except to the heart which for the day at least has rid itself of selfishness. Hoping that this will be the method by which you will endeavor to obtain it, I wish you, kind reader, a very merry Christmas.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Truly no prettier sight has the season seen than the public hall of Upper Canada College on Saturday afternoon last, on the occasion of a conversazione given by the boys of the college. And this year the committee succeeded in making the affair what it has never been before, an affair for the boys. For though there were a few of Toronto's society lights there, the great majority of the fair sex present were those who are going to rule the ball-rooms there or four years from to-day. And if we are to judge by Saturday's gathering, Toronto will be even more noted for her pretty girls then than she is now. Among the favorites were Miss Gale, Miss Edge, Miss Lizzie Lamport, Miss Amy Riordan, Miss Campbell, Miss Sybil Walker. A complete list of the guests would be very long, but among them I noticed the Misses Boultbee, May Monk, Moss, Massey, McKenzie, Mulock, L. Matthews, M. Matthews, Barker, Lillie Phillips, Taylor, Vallance, Davidson, May Allen, Ethel White, T. Heward, Kate Crawford, Livingston, Kingsmill, Smith, Brown, Jones, Symons, Houston, Canniff, Burnside, Hoskin, May Hoskin, Millburn, Howland. The arrangements were splendid, the decorations of the dancing and supper rooms most artistic, the floor and music all that could be desired, and under the patronage of Mesdames Dickson, Kingsmill, Moss, Boultbee and Lash all went merry as a marriage bell. The guests were unanimous in their expressions of delight at the success of the whole affair.

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As I pointed out not long ago afternoon At Homes seem to have lost much of the favor in which they have been held for several years. Recently, however, there has been a slight revival of this easy form of entertainment, and on Saturday afternoon of last week, I know of at least half a dozen. At Mrs. Scarth's fine house on St. George street, there was a considerable crush and a very representative attendance which meant success. Mrs. Wilson of Rosedale had invited only a few people, but had provided some excellent music. The Misses Knox of Spadina avenue north had also secured much musical talent, of which a portion was new to almost all these ladies' guests.

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Colonel and Miss Curry, who have been staying here, left for England at the end of last week. Col. Curry is farming in the North-west. Miss Curry, in her a short visit, met with considerable social success.

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Mrs. Horne's dance on Wednesday last was small, but in every way enjoyable. How wise is the hostess who is rigorous in suiting the number of her guests to the size of her house.

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There are rumors of a ball at Government House early in January. This evidence of Miss Campbell's increased strength is a delight to society at large. There is also a likelihood of a large dance at a popular house on Simcoe street in the not very distant future.

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Messrs. Grant Stewart and Bromley Davenport have formed a small comedy company and have been on tour through the neighboring towns. I hear that both financially and artistically the venture of these gentlemen has turned out a success.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout of Cobourg have been visiting some of their numerous relations in town.

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Many Toronto people went to Hamilton last week to be present at the wedding of Mr. David Walker of Toronto, to Miss Osborne of Hamilton. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Moffatt, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron.

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Mr. H. J. Ince of Barbadoes, and late of Toronto, was in town last week.

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Miss Jessie McInnis of Dundurn, Hamilton, has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, on Richmond street. Miss McInnis has returned to Hamilton.

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Mr. and Mrs. Albert Townsend of Winnipeg have been staying with friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend resided in Toronto for many years, and are thinking of taking up their abode here again.

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Ven. Archdeacon Buchanan of London, England, has been spending a week in town.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jackson of Sydney, N.S.W., spent a few days here this week. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are on their way home via San Francisco, after a summer in England, and an autumn at Halifax.

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Miss Alice McIntyre of Montreal has been staying with friends in Parkdale.

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Mr. Leigh of Detroit, Mich., has been spending a few days in town. Mr. Leigh is an athlete of repute. Lawn tennis is his special game, and he talks of coming here for the tournament next summer.

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The Misses Taylor of Chicago have been staying with friends on Jarvis street.

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A large dance took place last week at the residence of Hon. S. C. Wood, Avenue Road. Among those present were: Mr. and Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and the Misses Ince, Miss Scott, Miss Miall of Ottawa, Mr. and the Misses Maule, Miss Ireland, Mr. and the Misses Dick, the Misses Chewitt, Miss Marsh, Miss Cameron, the Misses Scott-Scott, Messrs. Sidney Jones, Cassels, Senkler, Cokman, Boulton and Boddy.

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Osgoode Legal and Literary Society gave their thirty-fourth public debate on Friday evening, December 13. The subject of debate was whether a third political party was necessary in Canada at the present time. The negative was decided upon by the audience, to which Mr. G. T. Blackstock, the chairman, humorously alluded as a democracy. After the debate, the longed-for music was introduced, and students and friends flitted over the polished floor through a well-arranged dance programme. Some of the dresses were very daintily pretty. Miss Cawthra wore a handsome gown of black and white striped silk; Miss Beardmore, an especially pretty shade of pink; Miss McFarlane, pale blue silk and tulle; Miss Michie, pale lemon; Miss Bunting, a pretty dress of blue covered with white lace; Miss Wadsworth, black lace and ribbons; Mrs. Garratt, pale yellow; Miss Christie, a pretty gown of bright cardinal; Mrs. Pain, pink and green; Mrs. Falconbridge, black velvet. Three were also present, among many others: Mr. and Mrs. D. Armour, Mr. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gianelli, Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. McColough, Miss Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. McClean, Mrs. J. M. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. Grier, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. P. Rutherford, Mr. Ince, Mr. T. G. Blackstock.

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Mrs. George Morphy of College avenue entertained a company of friends on Wednesday evening last.

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Mrs. Macdonald of Bathurst street gave a delightful young people's party on Friday night.

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Mrs. Nanton, Jarvis street, will welcome a number of guests to a five o'clock tea to-day.

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Mrs. Wilkes, Bloor street east, gave a charming party for young people on Wednesday evening last.

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The ranks of the bachelor officers of the Royal Grenadiers are becoming rapidly depleted. The latest addition to the roll of deserters is Capt. Manley, the adjutant of the regiment since its re-organization. This will be a bombshell, and such a regimental order will no doubt still increase the bachelor desertions. The bachelor masters of the Collegiate Institute, of whom Capt. Manley is one, are also looking at one another in search of the next would be benedict. The happy event referred to takes place at St. George's church, Harriston, on December 24. The lady is Mrs. Gordon of that town.

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Mrs. I. Richard Fuller made welcome a large number of friends at a delightful At Home this afternoon.

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The president and members of the Wycliffe College Literary Society held a conversazione on Thursday evening last. As is ever the case at Wycliffe, the evening was pleasurable in the extreme. Great care had been taken in the plans for enjoyment and comfort of the guests, and all united in agreeing that the hours spent were very delightful ones.

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Mrs. H. Duggan was At Home to her many friends this afternoon and evening.

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Mrs. Coulson's "tea" on the evening of Thursday, December 12, was a decidedly pleasant event in social life. The hostess greeted a large number of guests, among whom were noticed: Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, the Misses Arthur, Mrs. Haskins, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Miss Greene, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Smith, Mrs. G. E. Ryerson, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell McDonald.

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Amid the whirl of social life, the gay, wearying pursuit of Dame Fashion's latest fancies, a few of Toronto's leading society ladies find time for—cooking. Since the first of December classes for the imparting of knowledge in that very necessary art, have been in active operation. The present system of conducting the movement grew out of a desire on the part of some of the ladies connected with the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union to spread abroad a right method of preparing food. In addition to the instruction of young girls, and children of the very poor, a class has been organized, to which society ladies belong. They meet, eight of them, on certain days in the week, and prepare according to the best recipes, and under the supervision of skilled cooks, various dishes. They broil and bake and steam and stew with, almost invariably, good results. It speaks well for the future husband's comfort and health, that madame, even though she may not practice the art, shall yet be able to explain and exemplify its many mysteries to those who do it for her. Speaking seriously, society need never smile at those who are so wise as to wish to learn how to prepare food for the table by the best method and serve it in the most nutritious form.

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Mr. Jack Gray has been removed to the Sarnia branch of the Traders' Bank.

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Mrs. H. L. Hime of Wellington place gave a large dance on the evening of Wednesday, December 11. The floor was pronounced in perfect condition, and though so many were present, the prettily-appointed and spacious rooms were not over crowded. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, the Misses Todd, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Mabel Bright, the Misses Murray, Mr. Arthur Murray, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. Louis McMurray, Miss Ransom, Miss Barwick, Miss Gimson, Mr. Morson, Miss Morson, the Misses Robarts, Mr. T. H. McMillan, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Broughall, the Misses Smith, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mr. Capreol, Mr. Grant Halliwell, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Kingsmill, Miss Blossom Kingsmill, Mr. Ince, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bogart, Miss Hall, Mr. Horace Hall, Mr. Hart, Mr. Corson, Miss Wade, Miss Wood, Mrs. Arkie, Mr. G. Harold Muntz, Miss Muntz.

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The school-room of Bloor street Presbyterian Church was well filled on the evening of Friday, December 13, to hear Rev. John Stenhouse lecture on the Evolution of Physiology. The lecture was highly instructive, and the practical demonstrations of two classes of young women were very amusing. With deft and practised fingers they adjusted slings for wounded arms, and applied bandages with a surprising dexterity. Evidently they have paid the best of attention to the instruction of the young professor.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Peaker entertained a small number of their friends at their home, 157 Bathurst street, on Wednesday evening last. Among the guests were noticed: Dr., Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, Miss Clarkson, Dr. and Mrs. Cavan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Flett, Dr. Thistle, Mr. John Gray, Mr. Worts, Mr. and Mrs. Trent, Mr. George and Miss Peaker, Dr. Aikins and Miss Woodruff, Burnhamthorpe, Miss Kirkwood, Brampton. The pretty little hostess flitted among her guests, making each one feel the evening only too short. Music and dancing were indulged in until the "wee sma' hours."

*

A Christmas eve entertainment for poor children, under the auspices of the Children's Fresh Air Fund Society, will be given to twelve hundred children in Shaftesbury Hall, Tuesday evening, December 24. The programme mentions refreshments, music and a panoramic exhibition.

*

The students of Trinity Medical College were represented at the Royal College banquet, at Kingston, on December 17, by Mr. D. McLeod of Cannington.

*

Mrs. Gregory of Hamilton and her daughter, Miss Helen Gregory, Mus. Bac. and B.A., Trinity University, Toronto, are visiting Washington, and are the guests of their cousin, Hon. John Milton Gregory, LL.D., ex-Civil Service Commissioner for the United States, and formerly President of the Illinois and Ann Arbor Universities.

*

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boon of Bloor street east, together with their niece Miss Ida Boon, and Miss Fannie Armel, sister of Mrs. Boon, left last Tuesday afternoon for Bermuda, where they intend passing the winter after spending the Christmas holidays in New York.

*

Mrs. Macdonald of 304 Wellington street west leaves next week on a six months' trip round the world. Accompanied by her son and daughter she will sail from San Francisco early next month, and expects to visit Japan, India and Egypt before her return next June. Socially Mrs. Macdonald is one of the most estimable hostesses in Toronto, though of late years absence and bereavement have put it out of her power to entertain as of old. All her friends hope she may return home with renewed health and strength and resume once more her old place in society. It is rumored that Mr. John Macdonald will stop over in England and bring his bride home with him later on.

*

A very successful Art Musicale took place last Wednesday at Derwent Lodge, the handsome residence of Mr. J. E. Thompson. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Buchan, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Judge and Miss McMahon, Mr. and Miss Pope of Ottawa, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Wick, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Mr. Carrington, Mr. J. C. Forbes, Mr. Forster, Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, Mr. and the Misses Ince and others.

*

At 200 Spadina avenue, on Wednesday evening, Miss Jessamine G. Allen, eldest daughter of Mr. P. C. Allen, was married to Mr. Albert Ralston of Hamilton. The bride's gown, white satin *en train*, was profusely trimmed with pearl passementerie; and she wore that bride's prerogative—a veil and orange blossoms. Her attending maids, Misses Kate McCall and Maud Allen, were attired respectively in ashes of roses cashmere, and pink silk, each wearing pink rose-buds and a gold bracelet, the groom's gift to them. The groomsman was Mr. Charles Burkholder of Hamilton. The wedding breakfast was furnished by Mrs. O'Leary, who, with her excellent staff of waitresses, conducted it in a commendable way.

*

Among the wedding gifts I noticed a New York Sohmer piano from the bride's father, Derby dinner service from the bride's mother, brass table, brass easel and etching, bronze card tray, silver card receiver, statuettes, handsome dressing-case, china tea service, feather fan and many pieces of silver, Dresden china and etchings.

*

The Ontario Society of Artists gave a dance in the Academy on Wednesday night. The affair was thoroughly enjoyable and remarkable for its completeness in every detail. A lecture on Sculpture, by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, and musical numbers filled one side of the programme, and opposite fourteen dances and three extras showed where the later hours went. The music was excellent, and the refreshments, served by Caterer R. J. Lloyd, were tasteful in arrangement and composition. Among those present were: Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Revel, Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr and Mrs. Neville, Capt. and Miss McGee, Mr. D. McMurchy, Miss Langstaff, Mr. McAndrew, M.P.P., and Mrs. McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson, Mr. C. G. V. King of the Haytian Navy, Mr. and Mrs. Farrer, the Misses Lash, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cox, Dr. Peters, Mrs. Goff, Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Thompson, Miss Wye, Mr. and Mrs. Wickson, Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, Mr. Perc Maul, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Miss Fahey, Miss Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mrs. and Miss Christie, Mr. and Miss Hostetter, Miss Browne, Miss Roberts, Mr. E. Schuch, Mi s Waltz, Miss Hannaford, Miss Stovin, Mr. and Miss Turner, Mrs. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. Jas. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. and Miss McMahon, Dr., Mrs. and Miss McConnell, Miss Barwick, Miss Ethel Dixon, Miss Hanson, Miss Hine, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. R. McCausland, Mr. Fairclough, Mr. C.

(Continued on Page Three.)

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Polka	60
Lightly, Lightly (most popular song in the opera)	40
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IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Hark! how joyfully they ring;
How the heart with rapture swells,
As the bells peal out sing:
Glory to the new-born King.

Christmas bells, silver bells,
Carry peace and lighten care;
Till the sacred echo swells
Where the holy Syrian air
Whispers o'er the story rare.

Christmas bells, sacred bells,
All partake of thy delight;
On cradled bergs, in lowly dells,
For high and low and outcast wight,
Weave for all thy wreath of light.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Far and near the message ring;
Till each heart its rapture tells,
Till all men Hosanna sing:
Glory to the new-born King. A.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

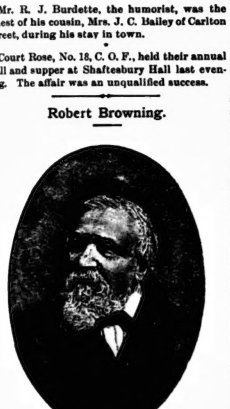
Downes, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss C. W. Armstrong, Miss Florrie Smith, Miss Miles, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cox, Miss Honora Taylor, Miss L. Taylor, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. R. J. Griffith, Miss Ince, Mrs. T. Christie, Miss Roberts, Mr. and Miss Matthews, Miss Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forbes, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, the Misses Scott, Miss Maggie Lloyd and Mr. A. Singlehurst, Liverpool, Eng.; Miss Simms, Chicago; Mrs. A. Patterson, jr.; M. C. J. Maraini, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid.

The smoking concert and supper given at Harry Webb's last night by the Toronto Lacrosse Club was well attended, and pronounced decidedly enjoyable by those present.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, the humorist, was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. J. C. Bailey of Carlton street, during his stay in town.

Court Rose, No. 18, C. O. F., held their annual ball and supper at Shaftesbury Hall last evening. The affair was an unqualified success.

Robert Browning.



Robert Browning, poet and dramatist, died at Venice, on Dec. 12. Mr. Browning was seventy-seven years of age, and his whole life was devoted to his beloved pursuit. When a lad of twenty years he went to Italy to study, and his research of its customs and history colored much of his poetry. It has been said that Mr. Browning's productions were concentrated essences of soul-strength, too strong for ordinary minds; and it is certainly true that many passages remain obscure after several readings. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the gravely tender poetess, to whom he was a devoted husband during their married life of less than twenty years, for she died in 1861. An edition of poems has lately been issued in England, simultaneous with the American one; and Browning's last thought was of it. He asked his son how they were selling, and to the reply that the edition was almost exhausted, he replied, "It is very gratifying."

Fascinating Rhea.

Mlle. Rhea was in, and would see me now, was the welcome message the bell boy brought.

I had waited in one of the Rossin House parlors for Mlle.'s return from the matinee, keeping my eye with a fidgety interest, on a newspaper man, whose errand was identical with my own.

"Come sit down. I am pleased to see you," said Rhea graciously as she advanced to greet me.

Seating herself opposite, she talked of her play, and her art, and I looked and listened.

I had followed Rhea about the stage, I had studied her face, and her every movement, deciding that she was a very lovely actress. Face to face with her I out-argued my previous convictions and felt that she was more—a good and noble-hearted woman.

Her face is almost colorless, with a broad brow, a firm yet tender mouth, and a chin which is to me her most beautiful feature. It is rounded, decisive and yet so gentle and sympathetic. Rhea's pretty red-brown hair was becomingly dressed, and in its auburn tinge matched her eyes. Such lovely eyes! The dazed, dull look in the orbs of the suffering empress is gone, and Rhea the beautiful Frenchwoman, punctuates her sentences with bright glances.

Her voice is musical, very soft, very low. The English words trip on her foreign tongue, giving an indescribable charm to her conversation. Very earnest in manner is Rhea, and the odd little shoulder shrug and hand gesture, which is often imitated but is never pretty if not natural, makes her fritest words animated with feeling. Truly she does not depend on her speech to convey her thoughts. They fly towards one from every feature of her pale, expressive face, and in every move of her pretty figure and hands.

"You have seen my play," she queried.

"Yes," I made answer, and my face told her I liked it.

"Is it not good? Oh, I do so entirely love my part. Did you not like Napoleon? He is so grand a character."

"No, Mlle.; I hated him."

"Oh," with reproachful emphasis and glance, "You should not. He was very noble, and you must not judge him as you would an ordinary man. He had so great a responsibility. Oh, yes, I do admire him, and that," touching my arm by way of emphasis, "is why I make Josephine so devoted a wife."

"Could you play it in France, Mlle.?"

"No, oh, no," with a positive shake of her head.

"It would not be allowed. There are too many of the old families. It could not be done. But I have thought," she continued, with great earnestness, "to have it translated and play it in Holland and Belgium, but not in France."

There were knockings at the door, cards were being brought; Mlle. had had no rest, and it was late. I knew I should not detain her longer in the interview which she so kindly gave me.

"Come to see me when I come again to Toronto," she said, as I rose.

Willingly I promised, and then with a clasp of her slim, delightfully-in-earnest hand, I left her, and wended my way along the corridors and down to the street, so delighted to have seen Rhea—the real Rhea, who was not Josephine. ELMINA.

The Congress of Divided Petticoats in London.

I.

Yet a step, yet a step,
Yet a step onward,
Into the meeting room walked
Nearly a hundred.
Forward, divided gown!
Come from all parts of town!
Into the meeting room walked
Nearly a hundred.

II.

Forward, divided gown!
Was there a single frown?
No, though they felt abashed,
Housewife and spinster,
Theirs now to make reply,
Theirs now to reason why,
Theirs now to come and try
How they could help the cause,
Down at Westminster.

III.

Laughers to right of them,
Chaffers to left of them,
Jeerers in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered,
Seeing them cross the street
Bound for the same retreat,
For the great town hall gaunt
There like with like to meet
Nearly a hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their ready wit,
Flashed as they bravely hit
As those who think it fit
Women should wear their skirts
Still undivided.
Plunged into argument,
Gave their disgust full vent
At those poor sisters
Who, on destruction bent,
Would not be guided,
But who quite safely might
Here be derided.

V.

Friends to the right of them,
Friends to the left of them,
Friends, too, before them,
Cheered and applauded
Said they had done full well,
Said they would yet compel
Others to join and swell
Gladly their numbers.
Then they grew gay and pert
O'er the divided skirt,
While thus they lauded.

VI.

When will it end, this craze,
Rattling 'gainst skirts and stays?
Some of us wondered.
Women still wear draped gowns,
Daring the angry frowns
Of nearly a hundred.

—St. James' Gazette.

Sweet Singers Amenities.

High Soprano—What do you think, my dear; I've been invited to sing into a phonograph. Then, of course, I am to have it repeated for me, and I'm so pleased at the novel idea of being able to hear myself sing as others hear me that I can scarcely wait until the time comes.

Mezzo Soprano—How delightful!

H. S.—Isn't it? And I'm so sorry that you are not going with me. I do so wish you could hear those sweet, rich, low tones of yours.

M. S.—Have you selected something to bring out in full that wonderful upper register of yours?

H. S.—Why, certainly. I'm particularly desirous of hearing my high notes.

M. S. (very sweetly).—They say that though the phonograph records very faithfully one never recognizes one's own voice. Well, I must go now. I do hope, so much my dear, that you won't be dis—I mean that you will be pleased. Good-bye, darling.

H. S.—Good-bye, my love (soliloquizes). [What a contemptibly jealous piece that thing is with her covert sneers. She always did envy me my clear, high notes. Good thing she can't hear her husky old voice.

M. S (as she wends her way, soliloquizes)—Silly lit le fool! Well, I tried to save her from the mortification that is in store for her. It'll be a mercy to her if her piercing shrieks would shatter the machine, and a special intervention of Providence in favor of the man who owns it if they don't.—*Texas Siftings.*

Warned.

"Lookee here, Jim Shipton, I jist want yer to understand who it is yer sassin'," cried an irate Dakota woman on the occasion of a trifling connubial eclogue between her husband and herself.

"I jist want ye to b'ar in mind that it ain't none o' yer common, low-down Western women yer talkin' to, but a lady born an' raised in the state o' Mizzoury an' used to good manners, be gosh! A lady whose par was a Justice of the Peace, and one of the prominentest men in the town—a lady what useter sing in the choir, and who never knowed what it was to 'sociate with the common run o' folks till she tuk up with you, dern yer picter! An' don't you pre'oume to ra'se up an' sass me as if yer was my ek'al, Jim Shipton! Don't you dast do it!"—*Drake's Magazine.*

Good Material In It.

"How do you like that cigar?"

"Well, I must confess——"

"What?"

"That I suspect some of it would have made an excellent pair of shoes."—*Merchant Traveler*

A Removal.

A want long felt by housekeepers with limited accommodation at their disposal, is that of a Folding Bed, simple in construction and easily handled. Such a *desideratum* is supplied in the now well known "Mantel Folding Bed," manufactured by H. P. Davies & Co. As will be seen in our advertising columns, this firm has removed from their old stand on Church street to more convenient premises on Yonge street. We would advise our readers to take a look at their lines of snow-shoes, toboggans, moccasins and children's tricycles. We are sure they will be pleased with the inspection.

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Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguishing difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste donn in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Washington society. There must be added style! And herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons shading on a dark steel or stone color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain rough Saxony or Vicuna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals, a cutaway with three or four buttons cut rather low in the neck with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf. The overcoat should be of dark material, matching as near as possible the under cutaway coat. It may be worn with a facing according to the fancy of the wearer. The fashionable West End Tailor having just received an excellent consignment of these goods would invite your early inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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VOL. III] TORONTO, DEC. 21, 1889. [No. 4

Lake Lyrics and Other Poems.

Up from the Atlantic coast Mr. W. W. Campbell sends these poems with his greetings to Ontario readers. The poet belongs to this province; he lived his boyhood and youth on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and this it must be that he calls "the heart of the lakes." The music of its waters haunts him yet and breaks forth again in these verses. In divers tones the poet sings: now

"Midnight surfs are boo ning
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan."

And anon when August evening comes on:

"Cool silvery ripples pave
The sands and rustling reed beds. Now begin
Night's dreamy choruses, the murmurous din
Of sleepy voices."

So the poet holds intimate communion with the forms of Nature, and to him they speak a various language. To the lake his spirit turns for rest and refreshing from the cares of artificial living. There he finds sympathy and consolation when mortal griefs strike him, and there, too, when joys come to him the waters seem to beat in more melodious measures upon the enchanted shores. For perchance he found love here and all delight, wrinkling under the moonlit sky, drifting over the rippling water.

From these multitudinous murmurs and sublime distances, this infinite vastness of waters and over-arching skies, Mr. Campbell draws not only æsthetic satisfaction but a philosophy of life and a basis of religion.

The theory of life held by many poets of nature is not of a noble or inspiring order. It is passive, sensuous, selfish. Such is the ideal, perhaps, for vacation afternoons. But the days of work and duty demand higher things of us. Certainly in some ways we may ourselves rest and grow sitting on the beach and listening to the swish of the waves at our feet, or idly watching the white gulls sleeping on the blue expanse. But if we stop at this wherein lies the virtue? Hereby we surely seek only our own advantage, and do not even the publicans the same?

If we had judged by some single poems we might have concluded that Mr. Campbell upheld this poetic theory also. But it is not so. Else could not the poet have written in his Invocation to the Lakes:

"From sky and wave I drink thy nectared draught,
From jeweled brim that stars o' heaven span:
When, lo, 'tis love for God my heart hath quaffed,
And sympathy for man."

The book is divided into three parts. In the first part, while all are good, perhaps most readers would specially admire The Winter Lakes, Keziah, August Evening on the Beach, and On the Ledge.

Part II. entitled, Snowflakes and Sunbeams, was published separately a year ago, a beautiful little booklet full of dainty and tender poems which received just praise from all readers.

The Other Poems make up Part III. In two of these, Lazarus and A Lyric of Love, Mr. Campbell has probably reached the highest ground he has yet attained. High ground it is indeed, not simply relatively to the author himself and to Canadian poetry, but absolutely. Some people object to comparisons, that is the only way we can measure things. Let it be said, then, concerning this collection of Mr. Campbell's poems, that they place him quite in the front rank of the younger poets of to-day, wherever they may live, who write in the English language.

Let it be remembered though that there are other lake pictures not so beautiful to contemplate as those that Mr. Campbell shows us. It would not seem that our poet ever had any part or lot in the great tragedies of which the upper lakes, and especially the Georgian Bay, have been the sad theatre. Storms indeed, and rockbound coasts Mr. Campbell describes in forceful words. But he shows us no spectral ships driving to destruction through the darkness or the snowstorm; we hear no crash of timbers on reefs of iron, we see no headlong plunge of shattered vessel down to the infinite depths of death.

Sad was the story of the Wabuno, lost here ten years ago with never a soul saved nor a body washed ashore, and only some bits of wreckage found that perhaps belonged to her. And does not the poet remember the Jane Miller that sailed away from his native pore two years after this and was never heard of again? Again two years and the propeller Asia foundered on the Georgian Bay in a fearful storm with two hundred people on board, of whom only two escaped.

This too is Nature. If our poets tell us of her bounty and kindness alone, they give us only half pictures. Perhaps it may be said that Mr. Campbell views the lakes for the most part as a landsman and from the shore. There is little reference to life on the lakes, the labors and pleasures of those who go down on these inner seas in ships, the life of the sailor and the fisherman, the sail-boat of the summer cruiser for pleasure and the aboriginal birch canoes and dug-outs which are most to be seen in these upper waters. This Mr. Campbell has before him. In so far only does this book come short of being a panorama of lake views and a full orchestra of lake voices.

In mechanical workmanship this volume is a credit to Canadian book-making and to the taste of the author. The type, the ink, the paper are all excellent, and the press-work and binding leave nothing to be desired. Indeed it is the best looking and best bound book in cloth that has been issued by a Canadian house for a long time.

A. STEVENSON.

Music

The Bostonians made a welcome visit to the Grand Opera House last week. It was welcome because they have a good company, and because they gave us three complete novelties, and one opera which had been seen here only once before, if my memory serves me correctly. The novelties were Ambroise Thomas' Pygmalion and Galatea, Varney's Musketeers and De Koven's Don Quixotie, the latter being pronounced in the English style. Of the first, the strongest impression I received in the early part of the evening was that the dresses of the classic Grecian period harmonized better with a Renaissance stage setting than one would at first expect. Why is it that opera companies who play a repetoire, and not one work alone, pay so little attention to the scenic details? Stage managers of opera companies seem to think that any sets of scenery will do for them, and the result is that, as a rule, we find the meanest, most miserable and cold looking stage whenever a opera company comes. This coldness of aspect was not relieved by the small houses which attended the performances. The meagre attendance was, I believe, largely due to the increase in prices, a proceeding which must have deterred many from going. Why the Bostonians should charge $1.50 in Toronto, when they can get only $1.00 in Boston, is one of those things that only a manager can explain.

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The principals were very good indeed. Miss Marie Stone especially sang well, and acted creditably, but she seemed to be afraid of the footlights and looked midway up the stage most of the time, depriving her action of life and snap. Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis was simply delightful. She is a very handsome woman with a noble voice and considerable histrionic ability. Tom Karl, who has not been here for a good many years, surprised me by his good acting and by the good preservation he has maintained for his voice. The basso, Mr. Eugene Cowles, has a splendid voice but he has a dreary gesture, which he uses on all occasions, and which has to do duty for all the emotions. In this respect there was a small flavor of the amateur in most of the company, very few of them having the ease which comes of a thorough acquaintance with stage craft. A notable exception, however, was Mr. H. C. Barnabee, whose comicalities were rich and varied, while being perfectly refined. Miss Juliette Corden also showed herself a very competent actress as well as a most pleasing singer.

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The chorus was excellent, and it would be difficult to find a body of twenty voices to surpass that carried by the Bostonians. Full, strong voices, every one of them good, and a fine balance of tone made this one of the strongest features of the company. The orchestra, though small, was very efficient under Mr. Studley's baton and helped largely to make the Bostonians one of the most effec ive opera companies we have had in Toronto. Its playing was directed with judgment, only in Don Quixote many points were lost in finales by the sudden subduing of the brass when the curtain fell. I did not hear the company's performance of Mignon or The Musketeers, but was more than pleased with the performances of the other operas. Pygmalion is not as strong a work as Mignon, but contains many beauties. Don Quixote is an American production, and is very uneven in excellence. It has some good solos, a fine quartette, and a lovely duett, but the chorus work is very commonplace, especially a march which is the veriest twaddle.

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The people who did not go to the Academy of Music on Monday evening to hear little Otto Hegner missed a rare treat. The little chap plays beautifully. He has a rare gift of patience which enables him to give an artistic turn to his work, that no one would expect in so young a child. His prettiness goes far to make him popular with an audience, and this favorable impression is only strengthened by the excellence of his playing. He is artistic to a degree, and in power and dash he excels many grown up players of considerable merit. His rendering of the Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman was delightful in its phrasing and execution. Of the Rubinstein Valse Caprice he gave a very elegant interpretation, working up to a tremendous presto. His reading of the sonata must have pleased all musicians present. In short, the lad is a wonder in technique, execution, and artistic feeling, as well as in a most retentive memory, which enables him to play all his repertoire without the music.

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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club has rarely played better than it did on this occasion. Extreme elegance of tone, and a well-balanced *ensemble* restore it to the excellence of its palmiest days. Fewer changes than usual have been made in its *personnel*, and in this the veteran, Thomas Ryan, shows his good judgment. People had got a little tired of seeing an entire change of faces at each visit, besides which the conclusion was so often forced upon its auditors that the club had not played together long enough to attain to its own high standard. On Monday evening the addition of a double bass made the repertoire of the club more varied than usual, with the best results. A gem was Mr. Obliger's violin solo Wieniawski's Souvenir de Moscow. Mr. Obliger has improved in breadth and style, and now plays most charmingly. His encore, Traumerei, was exquisitely played and accompanied. The vocalist, Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks, was hardly up to the standard of such a combination.

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On the same evening a very interesting concert of chamber music was given at Victoria Hall by Mr. Carl Martens, assisted by Mrs. Adamson, Miss Lina Adamson, Mr. Karl Schmidt, Mr. Franz Wagner, Miss Massie, and Miss Cowley. The evident enjoyment of the audience of fairly large dimensions, showed that the taste for chamber music exists in this city in sufficient strength to call for some more permanent plan than can be offered by the enterprize of one man. A novelty was a waltz for four celli, by Fitzenhagen, which produced a very rich tonal effect. Mrs. Adamson played Vieuxtemps Reverie, with fine execution and with great taste. This lady is at her best and should be heard oftener in our concerts. An important addition to our instrumental forces is Mr. Karl Schmidt, who played Servouis' Concert Militaire in fine style. He has a brilliant robust tone, excellent judgment, and a thoroughly artistic performance. Very pleasing vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Fanny Pringle and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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The Toronto Vocal Society has completed its arrangements for its concert on January 16. The visiting talent will be Miss Hortense Pierse and Mlle. Etelka Utassy, in addition to whom Torontonians will have the pleasure of of again hearing Miss Nora Clench.

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The new St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church will be opened to-morrow. The musical service will be Mozart's First Mass, sung under the direction of Mr. Richardson, with Miss McElderry as organist.

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This night week we shall have the great treat of hearing Sarasate and D'Albert, two artists who are hardly exceeded in their respective fields.

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I hear from various recipients of the honors to be distributed by the College of Organists, Canada, that Associates are being made on the strength of programmes played by them, submitted to Mr. Warren of New York, who judges of the efficiency of the candidates simply by the character of the music on these programmes. It is not pleasant to be compelled to give adverse criticism on what should be a step in a progressive direction on the part of Canadian musicians, but I think that most organists who have done severe and honest work in their respective fields will agree with me, that if the distinctions to be awarded by the College of Organists are to have any weight, it is first of all necessary that they should be based on a hearing of the performances of candidates, not upon the mere fact of certain pieces having been played, or attempted to be played, by such candidates, even if the programmes are reinforced by newspaper notices. This question was treated with some candor in this column a few months ago, and the statement was, in consequence, made by the authorities of the embryo College, that examinations would govern the distribution of its honors. The present action is not in accordance with this statement, and in the interest of honest workers in the field of music, all attempts to convey honors on mere hearsay evidence should be frowned down.

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There is, at present, just a little too much of the grabbing after ornamental initials on the part of professional people, whose vanity is greater than their modesty or honesty. Musicians themselves know well enough how much value to attach to these alphabetical honors, when they are secured by piratical annexation, or by such means as those in question, but the poor, innocent, and unsuspecting public still attaches a mysterious and supernatural value to those cabalistic letters, and those who have heretofore been common, everyday clay, suddenly assume the garb of an angelic order of musicians in the eyes of the public when such distinctions are paraded. It is time such humbugging should be put a stop to. The English College of Organists demands from aspirants to its honors a most rigorous examination in both paper and practical work, and its distinctions convey an unquestionable recognition of the wearer's musicianship. Why our Canadian society, using the same initials as a badge of musical knighthood, should distribute its ribbons, so to speak, upon the mutual admiration plan, is known only to the disciples, in its ranks, of Artemus Ward's principle of "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch your'n."

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Shakespeare wrote Hamlet and played the part of the ghost. It does not always follow that the man who can write a great play can play a great part in it, or that a great actor can produce a successful play. The mental attributes necessary to the successful impersonation of a created character, while totally different from those required to conceive and portray the same character, are also rarely found in conjunction with them. In our own time the name of Dion Boucicault is the only one which suggests itself as the man who in himself combines successfully the actor and playwright. And in looking backward through dramatic history, though I recall the names of many playwrights who donned both sock and buskin and "fretted their brief half hour," yet few of those that occur to me would have survived the rude buffetings of time had their fame rested solely on the historic merits of their owners. Nevertheless I have always been curious to see an author appear as one of the persons in his own drama. I have always felt that the man who conceived a character, and who of all men best understood it, could infuse it with a subtle understanding that no other actor could hope to attain. But up to the present time my expectations have found realization in one man only; that was Boucicault.

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Mr. Duncan B. Harrison has been posing as playwright and star at the Grand this week with very indifferent success. In fact Mr. Harrison has had that scriptural allusion to the prophet's lacking honor in his own country very painfully rubbed in, for he is said to be a native of this city. That fact, unfortunately, makes him none the better dramatist or actor, but one would think it should have brought him better patronage here. Toronto, however, is getting too big to enthuse over any man for the sole reason that he happens to be her son. From seeing Mr. Duncan B. Harrison in his own play, The Paymaster, I have formed the opinion that his talent runs to that of the exponent rather than to creative or literary ability. The Paymaster is a play that will not bear much critical analysis. It reminds one very much of those essays of budding writers which editors often receive and which need a great deal of "licking into shape" before they are fit for publication. It lacks coherence in many places and that flowing onward which is the life of a drama. Again, nearly all the conclusions are foreseen by the spectator long before they are reached.

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The acting of the star showed some points of excellence. He has a fine stage presence and a strong and fairly well modulated voice. His face is rather impassive, but his movement and gesture are easy and graceful. If Mr. Harrison could be induced to curb his young ambition somewhat, go a trifle slow for a while, give up writing plays and work hard, he might soon become a very capable actor. Of the company supporting him, Mr. Neil O'Brien and Miss Annie Alliston do rather clever work. The scenic arrangements of the play are very good, and a tank of real water is used into which the hero dives several times during the course of the play. An imitation of a small cascade with water was a very interesting bit of realism.

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ROSE Coghlan will commence a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, December 23. It is a pleasure to announce the appearance of this charming actress and Mr. Sheppard is to be congratulated on his selection of this star for his Christmas attraction. Miss Coghlan will appear in an excellent repertoire which will enable Toronto people to judge of her versatility from seeing her in a number of strong and widely differing characters. On Monday and Friday evenings she will play Forget Me Not, an excellent play which has been before the public for a number of years and has always been a success. The leading role in this piece is a very exacting one and Miss Coghlan's interpretation of it has never been surpassed by any actress. On Tuesday evening and Xmas matinee she will appear in Jocelyn, the *role* in which she made such a hit here last year. On Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee she will play Peg Woffington, Chas. Reade's famous character in which Coghlan achieved such success in New York that for a long time she was known as Gotham's Peg. On Saturday evening she will appear as Lady Gay Spanker in Boucicault's London Assurance. This engagement will likely be one of the fashionable and artistic events of the season.

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Over at the Toronto this week the Valdis Sisters Novelty Company have been literally jamming the house every night. Evidently a large portion of Toronto's public are firm in the conviction that "Variety is the spice of life." Be that as it may, the managers of the Valdis Sisters are traveling this season with one of the best variety aggregations that comes to this town. Although the company is much the same as when here last winter, the performance as a whole has been improved and is better staged than formerly. Of the Valdis Sisters I can but repeat what I said before and give them due credit for their marvellous skill on the revolving trapeze. A new feature they have added is the walking with the head downward along a ladder suspended horizontally, hanging to the rungs by their toes. Among the other attractions on the programme the wonderful balancing tricks of Monsieur Bellac excited much comment. To describe these would require more space than can be spared here. A dwarf, three feet two inches high, created much fun with his songs and dances. Keller, the human enigma, who makes much the same use of his hands and arms that other people do of their legs and feet, is a novelty worthy of Barnum. With the exception of the horizontal bar performances of Napier and Marzello the rest of the programme consisted of song and dance and a comedy skit called Little Lord Fond of Rye, burlesquing Mrs. Burnett's well known book and play. These parts were very laughable and for the most part well executed.

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At the Toronto Opera House the attraction for Christmas week will be the successful English military melodrama, In the Ranks. Mr. Hamilton Harris is the star, and is supported by a company of sixteen people, and the play is said to have been successful in the cities in which it has appeared. Of their performance the Newark *Standard* says: "The humor of the comedian provoked uproarious laughter, the trials and entreaties of the persecuted hero brought sadness to the heart and tears to the eyes, while the final overthrow of the villain awakened an exultant feeling in the hearts of everybody."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

D'Albert, the pianist, is only twenty-four years old, is a strict vegetarian and passionately fond of apples, which he eats with great gusto on all occasions.

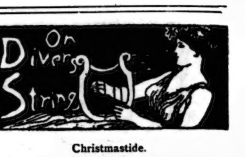
Bronson Howard, the dramatist, is said to possess a rich vein of comedy that has the flavor of the Sheridan school. He cannot sustain strong emotion and he knows it. But his own sentiment is sweet, tender and very natural, and his brief touches of pathos blend well with his sparkling wit and satire. He is very bright and quick in repartee.

In English society Mrs. Kendal is addressed as Mrs. Grimston, her family name, quite as often as she is called Kendal. On one occasion a gentleman reminded Mrs. Grimston of how much she resembled the famous London actress. On another occasion a new acquaintance, who had been much pleased with her social qualities and good nature, invited her to join a party to see Mrs. Kendal the next night—a joke Mrs. Kendal not only appreciated, but carried to quite a length, until toward the close of the evening her acquaintance was astounded on hearing Mr. Kendal whom he knew by sight, remark: "My dear, we must go home," Mrs. Kendal has that rare quality in woman, humor. She likes a good story, laughs heartily, and as a listener is eager and sympathetic. At the theater as a spectator she is always liked by the performers, for she is quick to respond and cries at mimic woe as if the footlights were strange to her.

Some other Manse.

Algernon—When we are wedded, darling, it is my greatest desire in life to live at the old manse.

Stephanie—Then, Algy, we can never wed. The old man said yesterday that he had one son-in law on him already, and that he would never have another.—*Puck.*



Christmastide.

For Saturday Night.

I may not go to night to Bethlehem,
Nor follow star directed ways—nor tread
The paths wherein the shepherds walked, that led
To Christ, and peace, and God's good will to men,

I may not hear the Herald Angel's song
Peal thro' the oriental skies, nor see
The wonder of that Heavenly company
Announce the King the world had waited long,

The manger throne I may not kneel before
Or see how man to God is reconciled,
Thro' pure St. Mary's purer, holier Child,
The human Christ these eyes may not adore.

I may not carry frankincense and myrrh
With adoration to the Holy One,
Nor gold have I to give the Perfect Son
To be with those wise kings a worshipper.

Not mine the joy that Heaven sent to them,
For ages since time swung and locked his gates,
But I may kneel without—the star still waits
To guide me on to Holy Bethlehem.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

His Christmas

For Saturday Night:

Strange how a fellow is whirled
Here and there over the world,
Stranger how time slips away,
'Ti, I declare, Christmas Day,
And I two days' travel from home
Dining restaurant fashion alone.

Waiter! Come in with your spread,
Though my heart feels as heavy as lead
As the notion of thus sitting down
All alone is this cold-hearted town.
"A tip? You shall have it, my son—
And, look you, a quart of good Mum m."

Gad! this fizz is as cheerless as tea,
Or there's something the matter with me.
Waiter! take all that layout away,
I'm not in the humor to-day—
The turkey's been roasted to death
And that "plum duff" would stop a man's breath.

What's the time—half-past six? So it is—
There's a trifle more life in this fizz,
And I'm going it here all alone
While they are just starting at home,
In the dear old home-nest over there
With one cover short and one chair.

There's the "Guv," smiling over the bird
As he carves—Gad! the scene's getting blurred—
And the rest of 'em—yes, and the Mater,
Too dear little—Confound you, waiter!
You must have spilled pepper, my eyes
Are burning—Now, none of your lies!

Waiter-r-r! This hoshell's all done,
D'ye call that a full quart of Mumm?
Go on now—you can't house me,
D'ye—hic!—think a fellow can't see?
Bring another! Yep, pint's what I said—
D'ye you think-k-k I've lost my head?

Waiter—you're horr-bul as—
What—hic! I care for ole glass?
Bring-nuzzer—hic!—besh-in-ic!—shop—
O! you think hashb—ic—I besh-stop?
Whaffer-I-besh-stop—splain—to me
Or-Fil'-hammer—ic—blank-noseof—See?

Waisher!—hic—helps-us-wizzur-coat—
Yesh—I'm full-but—ic—jish letter-float.
Pushsh-in-inner-pocket—ic—mas-sheer
Oaner-come-to-s-f. ll-wunzer-year,
Ish-wayoff-from-people-ole-fell,
An-wensh-je-s-canner-round-for-s spell.

'Y-can't come? Whash—ic—masher-wish-you—
Aint I shed—hic—zat-I-zeer-froo?
Tink-I'm-geshum! ——— ——— said,
We'll-jish—ic—painter ——— ——— red.

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Noted People.

William Hartpole Lecky, the historian, has bright red hair, is 51 years of age and dresses like a parson.

The beautiful Queen Margharita of Italy has ordered a portrait of herself as a present to the German Empress.

Miss Mary H. Krout is to fill a prominent position on the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. Miss Krout is the author of Little Brown Hands.

Charlotte M. Yonge is writing her one hundred and first book, which will soon be published. Such a number of literary successes mark a fine mind and a remarkable activity.

Little Mollie Garfield, now Mrs. Garfield Stanley Brown, has gone with her husband to Washington to live, and she has recently invested in real estate in that city.

Queen Victoria, it is said, has a number of unpublished manuscripts in her possession which may see print after her death. Their nature is not known, but it is understood that poems and short stories form the bulk of the collection.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to have a great scheme in her head. She has conceived the idea that she is just the person for the mission to Hayti if Frederick Douglas is recalled. She feels confident that she possesses the tact and *savoir faire* necessary to placate the sensitive Haytians.

Elna Lyall, the author of Donovan, is a plain, hard-featured, intelligent looking woman, in the neighborhood of forty, and lives at Eastbourne, England. She is feminine mannered and masculine handed; Bayley is her name. She bought a peal of bells with the proceeds of her first novel.

Mrs. John Sherwood of New York was born in Keene, New Hampshire. The house in which she was born was built by her grandfather, and is a grand old house of the substantial kind. It is surrounded by extensive grounds and sheltered by fine old elm trees, though on the main street.

Of all royal personages, the Prince of Wales is the most noted for the enormous quantity of luggage which he causes to be sent with him on his journeys. He takes whole boxes of hats and huge trunks of dress suits, morning coats and other changes. He makes a point when visiting anywhere of not being seen twice in the same coat.

It is said that when Mrs. Harrison went to see Mr. Mansfield's Richard III., she found an offering of roses from the actor in her box. But a shrewd observer, with a long memory, declares that the bouquet was by no means so beautiful as the one which Mr. Mansfield sent to Mrs. Cleveland when she first went to see him act in Washington.

Sadi-Carnot, the French President, has a marky, leaden complexion, an exaggerated nose and a closely-fitting black beard. His demeanor is haughty, yet he is fond of toying with an Egyptian cigarette while dictating his letters, and he rises late. He is musical and 52 and patronizes the drama. His eyebrows are the only really prominent thing about him, and his name is Mary.

Marie Bashkirtseff, whose Journal has been highly praised by Mr. Gladstone, was the child of Russian parents, people of rank and wealth, and passed much of her short life in Paris, where she studied music and art, and distinguished herself in the latter study. Her Journal contained a daily record of her life, its woes, weaknesses, vanities, and aspirations, for twelve years. She knew most of the artists in Paris, and criticized them freely.

Mr. Wilson F. Bissell, Grover Cleveland's former law partner, is to enter the matrimonial state in the near future. Mr. Cleveland sent him a letter of congratulation, which pictured in glowing terms the happiness of his own home. It is ardent in tone, "showing that," as an American paper puts it, "he worships his wife." Efforts have been made to get a copy of the letter for publication, but they have proved quite unsuccessful. The fuss and flutter made over a letter eulogizing a home and a wife, makes one think that Sam Jones was not far wrong in asserting that he was a peculiar man, because—he did love his wife.

Not many authors have enjoyed a wider or a more enduring popularity than Martin Farquhar Tupper, and, at the same time, the works of very few writers have been the object of such excessive scorn and contempt. Even when Tupper was at the height of his fame (such as it was), it would have required a very rare degree of courage to have praised his works in any eminent literary society. The Queen was fond of reading Tupper's works, and he has always been one of Her Majesty's favorite authors. I see it is stated that when Carlyle met Tupper he exclaimed "God bless you, a story which seems so incredible that one strongly suspects that "bless" has been substituted for a less flattering word. Mr. Tupper was a most amiable and kindly man, but he was impressed with a fully adequate idea of his own literary merits.

In the Swim, But None of It.

A charming young woman from a Western town, on a visit to some friends in the Quaker City swell set, has learned a thing or two. Her breezy sociability has been a revelation to the frozen-aired dames in the City of Penn. She was at a grand reception the other night where all the swell world and his wife were present. Next morning, as she was sitting at late breakfast, she suddenly broke out with:

"What a lovely thing that was last night!"

"Charming indeed," returned her hostess, nibbling a bit of toast.

"And the men, how agreeable!"

"Very."

"I was, I will confess to you, much pleased with a rather tall, slender gentleman. We became acquainted somehow or other by accident, though we conversed for a good ten minutes. I saw him afterward several times in the throng, but he was a stranger, I fancy, for no one seemed to know him and nobody spoke to him. Wasn't it singular that he was not introduced around? So agreeable, too!"

"Oh, everybody knew him."

"Indeed; then he is not fond of society?"

"Fond enough."

"Then he doesn't care for people; takes no notice of them."

"On the contrary, he notices everybody. That is part of his business."

"What is his business?"

"He is a detective."

Consternation, of course, and then the breezy young lady from the West received a gentle warning that her tendencies to sociability must be curbed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

'Varsity Chat.

Mr. J. A. Mustard, B.A., of the classical class of '89, while passing through the city last week on his way home from Hamilton Training Institute, spent a short time in the corridors.

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I find that my remarks in a previous letter about the trip of the Association football men to the States, were premature. The scheme has fallen through because, it is explained, a number of the best players were unable to cooperate. Perhaps they are satisfied with one world conquered. In token of that achievement the visitors at Y. M. C. A. hall, may see the provincial trophy which, thanks to the skill of the players and the able advocacy of Mr. H. B. Fraser, B.A., is now our very own.

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Mr. J. G. Witton, B.A., '88, who has held the fellowship in Physics for two years, has been appointed to a similar position in Cornell University. He receives the congratulations of many friends. We have every confidence that he will fully maintain our high reputation across the line. It must be exceedingly gratifying to the faculty, and especially to the honored president to find our graduates taking a distinguished stand in the most famous American institutions. Undergraduates too, recall with pride the names of Messrs. Fairclough, MacMechan, Logie, Hume and Saunders, and now we add Mr. Witton. Those who are intimately acquainted with him are aware that his attainments are not alone in the field of physics, but that he will be not unable to take his place among the well-informed men of his day.

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The principal event of late was, of course, the second public debate of the year, in Convocation Hall. Strong counter attractions did not prevent the hall from being well filled. As usual the audience was composed for the most part of ladies. The Glee Club turned up to the extent of six, to sing the opening number of the programme, Malbrouck. Mr. Tom Dockray, '91, took the solo. When their turn came again, it was found they had scuttled the ship, founder, apparently, of the music at Osgoode than of their own. Prof. Baker was happy in the performance of his chairman duties. The irrepressible gallery called forth a rebuke from him, which had a marked effect, and, if it is not rebellious to say so, added none to the enjoyment of the evening. The gentlemen made their noise at the wrong time.

•

Of the speakers Mr. Scott was the most fluent; but I thought it a rather superficial fluency. Mr. Graham showed real talent, and, from what I could not help overhearing, was the ladies' favorite. Mr. Chant advanced good arguments clearly, but was decidedly prolix. Nor did Mr. Wilson lack arguments; but he also employed too much language between points. Mr. Kerswill, the reader of the occasion, rendered his selection with good effect, his choice was of a serious character, and a more attentive hearing from the noble army of celestials would have been in better taste. The chairman, whose time came last, acted his part in a model manner, being neither afraid to decide nor to give his reasons. His decision in favor of the affirmative was generally approved, I fancy, and that, notwithstanding the favorable impression left by Mr. Scott of the negative. In replying to the vote of thanks he took occasion to utter some timely-wise remarks.

•

Mr. W. J. Healy, formerly of the class of '88, has decided, after spending two years in journalistic work, to write for his degree in the spring. Tim, as he is popularly known, was a famous poet hereabouts in the palmy days of the '*Varsity*. Many a pretty poem trickled from his facile pen.

•

I was fortunate enough the other day to come into possession of a copy of Prof. Alexander's inaugural lecture delivered early in the term. It has been printed for private distribution only, I understand. Not much daring is displayed in expressing the opinion that no set of students in this University have access to so concise and reliable a statement of what they should aim at in their course as those who are under Professor Alexander.

•

Lectures for this term are over and corridors are almost deserted. Many a student goes home to realize that he has left the little world of his boyhood for the great world of books and all-inclusive vision. There is a tinge of melancholy in the reflection that the circumscribed and satisfying outlook of early youth has been exchanged for the horizonless view of manhood; and yet what man would be a boy again?

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

The Christmas examinations end to-day and the tired student will straightway hurry him home for his three weeks' rest. The results will appear the day before Christmas, and those unfortunates who have fallen before the examiner will hardly enjoy their Christmas as much as their more fortunate fellow students whose names have appeared on the list.

•

The Christmas number of the Trinity University *Review* which will appear next week will be one of the best yet published. The list of contributors contains the names of some of Canada's most prominent men. The cover is a decidedly artistic one and great praise is due to the energetic business manager for the pains he has taken to make this number a success.

•

Rev. C. H. Shutt, B.A., who is at present in charge of Coldwater Mission, visited college during the early part of the week.

•

The Trinity College Glee Club is now a thing of the past, for owing to the difficulty in obtaining full practices it was decided to form a sextett, which is under the same management as the Glee Club was, and which, owing to the interest which each individual member takes, will no doubt do some good work next term. Several engagements have already been made for the early part of the new year.

•

The Provost spent the greater part of the week at Kingston, where he represented Trinity at the Queen's Jubilee.

•

Convocation intends holding a series of meetings throughout Ontario, during the Christmas vacation, to lay the claims of Trinity before the people; at which meetings different members of Convocation have been appointed to speak. Mr. J. G. Carter Troop will look after Trinity's interests at Bowmanville.

•

The Provost and Mrs. Body intend spending Christmas week at Takewood, New Jersey.

•

Rev. Prof. Clark has returned from his visit to Dr. Potter at Geneva, where he delivered a course of lectures to the students of Hobart College, of which institution Dr. Potter is president.

•

Next term a course of ambulance lectures may be looked forward to at which the prominent city doctors will speak, and also a series of public lectures at which Rev. Prof. Clark will lecture on William the Silent and Canon Du Moulin on Preaching.

•

Lent term begins on January 11. Lectures will commence on the following Monday.

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Four of Trinity's graduates will be ordained shortly. On Sunday next Messrs. E. C. Cayley, J. G. Waller and Osborne will take Holy Orders, and in the early part of January Mr. H. P. Lowe will be ordained in Algoma.

CAECUS.

This Man Jones.

For Saturday Night.

Though you searched all Canuckia's expanse o'er and o'er,
Through the Ottawa valley—Superior's shore,
'Mid the bull-punching heaves of northern plain,
Through the mines, to Vancouver, and clear back again,
There isn't a "bad man" the whole country owns
Fit to rastle with Snorkey—who ran foul of Jones.

He was sudden and fitful as midsummer storm,
Were he in the hereafter, he'd make it more warm;
He was big, brown and noisy—an ornery cuss
Who was voted the devil's own pill in a muss—
He ran all his comrades as hard as his mules
And he'd bluffed every mortal he'd met—except Jones.

He'd come into Calgary and lounge to the bar
And hook for a drink, and vow he'd raise "har"
And clean out the ranch if the folks didn't hum
To "licker him up," and he'd fool with his gun
And roll his fierce eyes like some horrible gnome's,
Till one night the said eyes chanced to fall upon Jones.

Now Snorkey was "pizen," a tough high and low,
He declared so himself—and who more apt to know?
And he ripped out a torrent of oaths past compare
And says he "What's that blanketty thing over there?"
And the boys saw his eyes blaze and gleaned from his tones
That matters were apt to be lively for Jones.

Though you searched all the records, the tombs of the dead
And the dummy asylums—you ne'er saw nor read
Of a quieter cuss than the poor little man
That this devil incarnate had placed 'neath his ban—
For one of the great tour'st-army that roams
From England each season was poor little Jones.

He was clad in a suit of the checker-board square,
Wore a glass in his eye—had a fool sort of stare,
Short breeches and leggins—his cane in his mouth,
And measured about five feet eight north and south,
And didn't scale more'n nine stone clothes and bones,
In fact just a poor harmless dudekin was Jones.

"Kum an' drink!" shouted Snorkey, you blanketty—blank,
You blank tenderfoot you, crawl up to de tank!
Hear me? I'm a wolf! I'm beginnin' ter howl!
Kum up yer, you platter-faced, short-panted owl!
Take dat chalk from yer eye!" and we ordered our groans,
Expecting the fate of that poor little Jones.

"For God's sake, don't, Snorkey!" we yelled as the gun
Rose and covered him fair—"Hold on man, he'll come!"
But what do you think that the swell little kid,
The dog-gone fool Englishman went on and did?
Just sat there!—as cool as a pile of cold stones
An' squinted his glass onto Snorkey—that Jones!

And says he—"Me good fellah, you've made a mistake,
I don't know you, nor why you such liberties take
With a stranger—nor, blawst you!—I do not quite see
Why a beggah like you should attempt to cow me.
Put that blawsted revolvah away, 'an I say
I'll be with you, as shuah as me name's E. Witte—J.!"

Well, to talk about scrape! Snorkey throwed off the gun
And peeled off his coat and the racket begun,
And that short-pated cuss was all over the ranch
Just as spry as a yearling a-jumpin' the branch,
'Till there came a ker-smash, and we guessed by the groans
That Snorkey was outchin' miasma from Jones.

Then they up and they closed—we could hear the "diff"—
"biff,"
Like as some one was getting it, hot, fast and stiff,
Then the dust fell—and there was that Englishman set
With his left out, just so, O, he'd been there you bet!
Then the dust rose again and we heard a dull thud
Like as some one was falling—and Snorkey was mud!

But they clinched once again, and this time we saw
That the small cuss's left was around Snorkey's jaw,
And his hand was a'dodgi-g a right vicious pass
While his right hand was f'eling around for his glass

For to fix in his eye! Then he hauled back and smote
Poor Snorkey one star-raising diff in the throat.

That settled it! Snorkey was knocked out fair and square
With nary a wiggle to tell he was there,
And that Jones—he unstiffened himself, and says he:
"I don't allow that sawt to hectch with me."
And we drank—Gad, got full! to our old island homes—
For he was "one of us" that small English Jones.

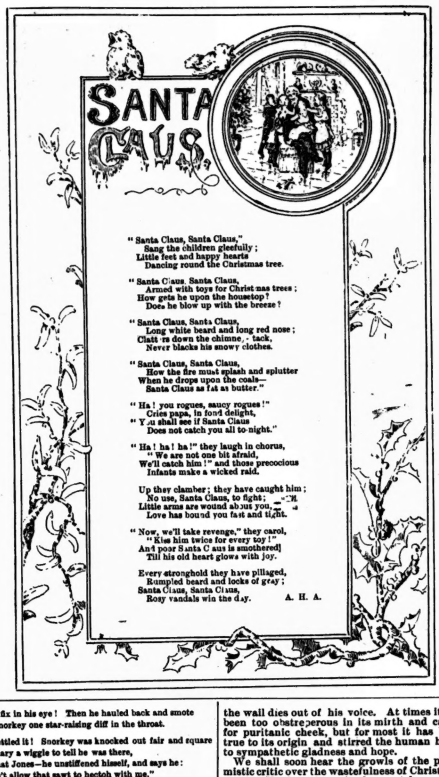
ED. W. SANDYS.

Christmas Tide.

A writer in the *Century* says: The intensity of modern life and the deepening of consciousness through intelligence breed sadness. We think too much and work too hard to have time for enjoyment, and if we suddenly discover that we have need of it, we take it in inordinate quantities, rather than in simple and natural ways; we go out and buy pleasure at so much the hour instead of somehow contriving to live a mirthful life. Close observers of modern society, like Walter Besant, have discovered that a main lack in the lives of the poor is that of cheer, and he argues that philanthropic plans should embrace measures for daily brightening the lives of the people by some simple experience of a pleasurable sort. It would be a sombre fact if the number of those who live through a day without a laugh or even a smile could be ascertained—a strange miscarriage of Nature, since man is the only being within her dominion who is capable of that action.

Christmas has rendered the world this good service, that now for many years it has called men to sympathetic cheerfulness. It comes, indeed, but once a year, but for some days the cloud on the brow of humanity lifts a little and the wall dies out of his voice. At times it has been too obstreperous in its mirth and called for puritanic cheek, but for most it has been true to its origin and stirred the human heart to sympathetic gladness and hope.

We shall soon hear the growls of the pessimistic critic over the wastefulness of Christmas mirth. Heed not him; he does not know that the key-note of the universe is joy, and that Christmas laughter is only a stray echo of an eternal hymn, and nearly the only one that has reached us, and that it is well worthy of being caught if we would ever hear the whole. Therefore, fathers, give gifts to your children, even if you have to lessen the daily portion, remembering the wisdom of Mahomet, who said, that if "he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed his soul." And, ye children, stir up your fathers to mirth, Christmas comes but once a year, and the years left to them may not be many.



"Santa Claus, Santa Claus,"
Sang the children gleefully;
Little feet and happy hearts
Dancing round the Christmas tree.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
Armed with toys for Christ mas trees;
How gets he upon the housetop?
Does he blow up with the breeze?

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
Long white beard and long red nose;
Clatt'rs down the chimney-tack,
Never blacks his snowy clothes.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
How the fire must splash and splutter
When he drops upon the coals—
Santa Claus as fat as butter."

"Ha! you rogues, saucy rogues!"
Cries papa, in fond delight,
"You shall see if Santa Claus
Does not catch you all to-night."

"Ha! ha! ha!" they laugh in chorus,
"We are not one bit afraid,
We'll catch him!" and those precocious
Infants make a wicked raid.

Up they clamber; they have caught him;
No use, Santa Claus, to fight;
Little arms are wound about you,
Love has bound you fast and tight.

"Now, we'll take revenge," they carol,
"Kiss him twice for every sov!"
And poor Santa Claus is smothered
Till his old heart glows with joy.

Every stronghold they have pillaged,
Rumpled beard and locks of gray;
Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
Rosy vandals win the day.

A. H. A.

Getting Even.

Mr. Guzzleton—Why, where's the dinner?

Mrs. Guzzleton—It isn't ready; I've been asleep all the afternoon.

"Wha-a-t!"

"Why, if you're going to turn night into day, I'll turn day into night!"—*Texas Siftings.*

He Knew the Barber Was Around.

Barber—Razah pull, sah?

Customer—Why, you're not shaving me?

Barber (with a gratified smile)—Oh, yes, sah; nearly fru, sah. Didn't you feel me?

Customer—Feel you! Great Governor, yes! I thought you was giving my face a shampoo.—*Texas Siftings.*

That All-Absorbing Thought.

New Policeman—Here now, none of that! You jist git into them shoes and come along with me. Ye'll crack no houses this night.

Gentleman of the House (getting in late)—Sh! Sh! You'll wake the baby.—*Life.*

Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Wildiry—Why, what is the matter with you? Where have you been until this time? Mr. Wildiry—Got sick from (hic) smoke on ferry. Had a nice turkey. Gen'lman said he'd fix so's could carry all ri'. Must have lost it. Been lookin' for that blamed turkey all night.—*Time.*

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. J. H. McKeggie of Inglenook gave a small musicale and card party on Wednesday evening, December 11, a most delightful time was spent. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. D. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Miss V. Mason, Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. J. Henderson, Miss Henderson, Mr. B. Nicholson, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Miss Holmes, Miss Gertie Fleming of Toronto, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, the Misses Forsyth and Miss Ethel Jackson.

Miss Chapman of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Dynant of Rowanhurst.

Mr. Geo. Lount of Bradford was in town last week.

Mr. H. Arnall who has been attending Trinity Medical School is home for a holiday.

Miss Seels, who has been spending a few weeks in Toronto, has returned to town again.

Mr. V. Meeking spent a few weeks in the city recently.

Mr. C. H. Crease, who has been attending the School of Dentistry, Philadelphia, in home for three weeks' holidays.

Miss Gertie Fleming of Toronto has been visiting at Mrs. J. Henderson's of late.

Miss Edith Spotton has returned from the city, where she has been spending a few months.

Several small dances have been given lately, and a few afternoon teas and card parties. The town promises to be quite gay this winter. The 8th of January has been fixed on for the bachelors' ball, and it is rumored that several At Homes will be given later on, so as regards those who care for social merriment they cannot complain of a monotonous season.

OCULAIRE.

STAYNER.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Devlin entertained their numerous friends on Wednesday evening, December 11. Dancing was one of the pleasant features of the evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed (as dancing always is when the arrangements are perfect) by its devotees. Mr. Devlin's residence is just the place for a dance, with its spacious rooms and halls, which were brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated for the occasion, and Stayner has few hostesses who are so skilled at making their guests enjoy themselves as Mrs. Devlin. Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. D.'s sister, assisted in receiving and welcoming the guests. About fifty invitations were issued, among those present being: Dr. Wylie, M.P.P., and Mrs. Wylie, Mayor Sanders and Mrs. Sanders, Dr. and Mrs. Jakeway, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sanders, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Coleman, Dr. and Miss McFaul, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Miss A. Ferguson, Miss M. Cameron, Miss Ayerst, Miss Millie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gartlan, Mr. John and Miss May McEachern, Mr. R. and Miss Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tuckett, the Misses Dougall of Barrie.

About 12 o'clock a cessation of other festivities took place for supper. It was a beautiful and luxurious spread and reflected credit upon all concerned in its preparation.

BOWMANVILLE.

The second great social event of the season occurred in Bowmanville last Friday night, when Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Hillier gave a grand ball at their elegant new residence "Ravenscraig," on Beach avenue, which surpassed any affair of the character ever given here. It had been anticipated and much discussed for weeks previously and proved an unbounded and brilliant success. Shortly after moving into their new house the doctor and his wife left for England and the Continent, where they stayed last winter, and Friday's event was to celebrate the opening of "Ravenscraig" and to "warm the house." The arrangements were most complete and the large number of invited guests enjoyed themselves to an unlimited extent and are most enthusiastic over its success. The devotees of Terpsichore maintained possession of the floor till an early hour, the music being furnished by an orchestra from Toronto. The supper was also supplied by Harry Webb of Toronto, and the *menu* was a credit to that popular caterer. The palatial mansion was brilliantly illuminated, and from its commanding situation on a gentle eminence presented a very fine appearance from the streets. The costumes of the ladies were very pretty. The guests were Miss Donald and Messrs. R. Donald, J. A. F. Craig, A. J. Arnold, Jas. E. McClung, J. Ball, H. Hulme, R. D. Fairbairn, A. T. Thompson, A. Douglas McArthur of Toronto, Messrs. S. Cowan, R. Grierson, J. F. Grierson and Jas. Dalbitt of Oshawa, Miss Brent, Miss Wilmot, Miss Farncomb, Messrs. Chas. Wilmot, T. Farncomb, M. Brent and A. Brent of Newcastle; Miss Firby of Port Hope, Mr. J. Garrett of Trenton, Miss Starling of Belleville, Miss Vrooman of Napanee. Among our citizens were Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burke Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. McArthur, Dr. and Mrs. Alex. Beith, Mr. and Mrs. D. Beith, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fairbairn, the Misses Fairbairn, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Edsall, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fortt, Miss Galbraith, Miss Fisher, the Misses Allen, Miss J. Reid, Miss J. Wilmot, Miss McLaughlin, Miss McArthur, Messrs. W. J. Jones, J. N. Gordon, Dr. Lammiman, T. H. McMurtry, Jno. McDougall, W. Allen, Franklin and Albert Wesley.

For Europe.

Col. J. B., Mrs. and Miss Hitchcock, Miss Ferguson, Mr. Malcolm Lamont, Mr. Thos. Crichton, Mr. Jas. Dawson, Mr. Wm. Lowe, Mr. Geo. Coulson, Mr. Jno. Robertson, Mr. D. Lees, Mr. Jno. Stevenson, Mr. Robert McHardy, Mr. Geo. C. Britton, Mr. J. E. Hopkins, Mr. Peter Wilson, Mr. Peter Milne, Mr. Arch. Lang, Mr. A. Duncan, Mr. R. White, Mr. Jas. Morrison, Mr. A. Newbigging and Mr. Wm. M. Michael sailed to day from New York on the Cunarder Umbria for Liverpool.

The Toronto Musical Instrument Company has opened a handsome and well stocked warerooms at 346 Queen street west. Mr. Joseph Ruse, manager, is so well known to the public in musical matters as to warrant every article to be first-class.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

COURTICE—At Toronto, Ont., on December 7, Mrs. Courtice—a daughter.

BAIRD—At Winnipeg, on December 5, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.

HOPKINS—At Grand Valley, Ont., on December, 12, Mrs. E. E. Hopkins—a son.

MCNOSH—At Toronto, on December 12, Mrs. James McIntosh—a son.

MCDONALD—At Toronto, on December 11, Mrs. C. S. McDonald—a daughter.

RICE—At Toronto, on December 13, Mrs. A. M. Rice, —a son.

GALBRAITH—At Toronto, on December 17, Mrs. W. Galbraith, jr.—a son

BIRS—At Rat Portage, on December 9, Mrs. Walter Rose—a daughter.

COWAN—At Toronto, on December 16, Mrs. F. A. Cowan—a son.

STROWGER—At Toronto, on December 15, Mrs. W. Strowger—a son.

FORSYTH—At Aurora, on December 23, Mrs. Marshall Forsyth—a son.

FERGUSON—At Davisville, on December 16, Mrs. J. J. Ferguson—a son.

McWATTERS—At Toronto, on December 18, Mrs. W. McWatters—a daughter.

MACDOUGALL—At Toronto, on December 18, Mrs. Joseph E. Macdougall—a daughter.

PORTER—At Goderich, on December 8, Mrs. George Porter—a daughter.

Marriages.

BASTEDO—CHALMERS—At Princeton, on December 12, Albert Edward Bastedo of Toronto, to Maud Chalmers.

LISKELL—MILNE—At Queensville, on December 12, James Liskell to Zannie Milne.

QUIGLEY—HARVEY—At Leaskdale, on December 11, Michael Quigley to Augusta Harvey.

ALLEN—CONGER—At Napanee, on December 11, William Cox Allen to Mrs. Janet C. Conger.

GARDNER—ANNING—At Toronto, on December 11, Alfred Gardner to Edith Ruth Anning.

REES—HAGARTY—At South Woodslee, on December 10, H. C. Rees of Buffalo, to Ida I. Hagarman.

WALKER—OSBORNE—At Hamilton, on December 12, David Walker to Agnes Murray Osborne.

MACKENZIE—PATERSON—At Toronto, on December 14, Gilbert Mackenzie to Louise Paterson.

MATTHEWS—COLES—At Toronto, on December 17, Harry L. Matthews to Miss Edith H. Coles.

SMYTHE—CONSTANTINE—At St. James' Cathedral, on December 19, by Rev. Canon DuMoulin, D.D., Albert E. S. Smythe to Mary Adelaide Constantine, Kilbarry.

LESTER-HARDY—At the Church of the Redeemer, on December 18, by the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., Rector, Henry Ryerson Hardy of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, to Margaret E., eldest daughter of W. H. Lester, of H. M. Customs, Toronto.

Deaths.

WAGNER—At Toronto, on December 12, David C. Wagner, aged 25 years.

BAYLEY—At Toronto, on December 12, Mrs. Frederick W. Bayley, aged 36 years.

HANNAH—At Toronto, on December 13, W. H. Hannah, aged 22 years.

LEEK—At Aurora, on December 13, Mrs. George Leek, aged 34 years.

FORSYTH—At Aurora, on December 12, Mrs. Marshall Forsyth.

COULTER—At Toronto, on December 17, Mabel M. Coulter, aged 15 years.

LEWIS—At Toronto, on December 14, infant son of Geo. and Anna Lewis.

DRURY—At Toronto, on December 15, Mrs. Richard Drury, aged 49 years.

FISHER—At Greenacre, on December 13, David Merrit McKenzie Fisher, aged 32 years.

MORSE—At Rochester, N. Y., on December 15, Charles A. Morse, aged 13 years.

SAUNDERS—At Toronto, on December 15, Capt. W. H. Saunders, aged 74 years.

SUTHERLAND—At Ekfrid, Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, aged 50 years.

SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on December 15, George Sutherland, aged 72 years.

SWAN—At Toronto, on December 16, Alexander Swan, aged 72 years.

HAY—At Toronto, Barbara Hay, aged 86 years.

STODDART—At Bradford, on December 17, Robert Stoddart, aged 61 years.

WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on December 16, Rev. John A. Williams, D.D., aged 72 years.

LANDER—At Toronto, on December 17, Ida Lander, aged 16 years.

MOCKRIDGE—At Windsor, N. S., on December 16, Sophia Marion Mockridge, aged 4 years.

FETHERSTONHAUGH—At Toronto, on December 17, infant son of F. Barnard and Marion Fetherstonhaugh, aged 10 months.

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Of the season will take place at the
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In addition to the programme of concerted pieces, four part songs and choruses given by the Society, the following artists have been engaged: Miss Hortense Pierce, soprano; Miss Nora Clench, solo violinist; Miss Eielka Etasal, pianist (her first appearance in Toronto).
Subscription for the two concerts, $5, entitling the subscriber to three reserved seats for each concert. Tickets may now be had from H. FOURLIER,
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ANNUAL MEETING
SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO'Y
The annual meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company, owing to the Manager's illness, has been adjourned till
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How Du Maurier Draws for Punch.

One bright day last week, having toiled up the steps of Hampstead, I found myself (writes a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*) at rest upon the sofa in Mr. Du Maurier's drawing-room.

"There," said Mr. Du Maurier, as he pointed to a magnificent Rembrandt-like portrait of Sir John Herschel, "nothing of an old master could beat that piece of Mrs. Cameron's work; those drawings of E. A. Abbey's are very charming. But it is getting very dark here, come into my studio and we'll have some tea and a chat." Down a tiny narrow pictured little gallery we passed, till at the end we pushed open a door, and I stood within a room gently illumined with a delightful crimson light, and hung round with the choicest specimens of the artist's skilled and talented pencil. Near the window, wherein in life he was so fond of lying hung the skin of the gigantic St. Bernard, with whose likeness in *Punch* we are all so familiar. "Yes, poor Chang is dead; a splendid dog he was too, that skin measures seven feet from tip to tip. His skeleton is in the Westminster Abbey of animals, the College of Surgeons. That dog you are petting now," a dear little shaggy, old-fashioned creature that was lying at my feet and gazing up at me with trustful eyes, "is Dan, and he often figures in my pictures of to-day, and here is *Punch*, too," as a droll dachshund walked slowly into the room and came up to make friends with me. "But I miss Chang very much. He always used to go abroad with me, much to the astonishment of the revenue officers, who on one occasion examined his tail to see if it concealed any smuggled goods.

"I began to draw pictures for English magazines in 1860, illustrating *Once a Week*, and sending now and again to *Punch*. Twenty-five years ago, and a day or two after Leech's death, whose funeral I attended, I sat down to my first *Punch* dinner, and was formally enrolled a member of the staff."

"Then you are Leech's successor," I remarked.

"Well, not quite; you see my style is so different. Still, Leech undoubtedly is the founder as it were of the system I carry out. He was the son of Cruikshank, and Cruikshank was the son of Hogarth. In a different way I follow in their footsteps. I endeavor faithfully to depict society as it is."

"And admirably you succeed, Mr. Du Maurier; you do not in any way caricature people."

"No, caricature is not my *metier* at all; but then I got my cue from Mark Lemon, who was editor when I joined: 'Don't do funny things; do the graceful side of life; be the tenor in a French opera bouffe.'"

I smiled as I listened, it did so remind me of Col. Bangs counselling the poet Slimmer, and then said: "No, you don't caricature, for which one is rather grateful in these terribly irreverential days, but do you not somewhat err in the other extreme? Your men are all Apollos, your women are 'daughters of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair,' and so I feel I am justified in asking with all possible deference, 'do you really depict society as it is?'

"Ah! now I am glad you asked me that; I have very definite opinions upon the subject, upon which, having studied it carefully for many years, I consider myself somewhat of an authority. I maintain that there is a great improvement in the English race. I know people complain that my men and women are too tall, but do you know—and Sir F. Galton corroborates this statement—the average of stature has gone up, and people are two inches taller than they used to be? I was quite struck with the peasantry around Dieppe only this summer, wonderfully fine people many of them.

"No, I do not make portraits of any one—at least, very rarely. I go about, use my eyes, get types. I am sometimes a long time making up a character."

"What do you call your most celebrated picture, Mr. Du Maurier?" The artist arose, fetched down a magnificently bound folio edition of his works, looked through a whole gallery of drawings, with almost every one of which I, a devout student of *Punch*, was perfectly familiar, and at last stopped opposite the picture, beneath which was written, "Are you intense?" We all know it—the wan, haggard, mock-spirituelle, feminine humbug, gazing wistfully and earnestly into the smug, self-satisfied face of the dapper, practical, respectable, and thoroughly commonplace "John Smith," the "something in the City who is to take her down to dinner." I laughed heartily as I gazed upon this charming absurdity. "I thought it would be one of those," I remarked. "How all these pictures of yours, Mr. Du Maurier, have blended themselves, as it were, into the very inner drawing room life of this country. My sister and I always used to rejoice so much in that one that depicted the earnest endeavor of some ridiculous couple 'to live up to the tea pot which they had just bought.'"

"Ah, yes, that was really said; but as a rule I write my own remarks under my picture."

"And you never portray actual people?"

"Well, very rarely; now and again in my backgrounds I sketch in distant and intimate friends, just to show them that I think of them sometimes."

"Now, Mr. Du Maurier, *parlons chiffons*, and let me ask a question of all serious and solemn import, to which I would beg your most grave attention. How do you manage with regard to the fashions, especially those of the fair sex? For many years now you have been engaged in handing down to an admiring posterity the gowns and bonnets of a great society. How is strict, unvarying accuracy maintained?"

"My friend," was the solemn reply," I have a wife and three daughters."

I breathed again. I was answered.

"What type do you like drawing best?"

"Bishops and flunkeys," was the delightful and wholly unexpected reply. And in answer to my astonished gaze of anxious inquiry the explanation given came forth in the word "calves." I understood, and I smiled to myself as I reflected that two things, bishops and flunkeys have in common, calves and dignity, and sometimes each is equally false.

Not Exactly the Same.

Customer (in grocery store)—Do you keep Clay cigars?

Grocer—Never heard of such a thing. We have the clay pipes, though—'bout the same thing, I 'spose.—*The Jury.*

How He Got It.

Gabby—How did you get that dreadful cold?

Snuffleton—Id the datural way, stoopid! S'pose I advertised for plaids ad specifigatiods!

Full many a man of purest gait serene
The dark unfathomed glooms of midnight snare,
Full many a man had gained his couch unseen
But that his footstep landed on thin air.—*The Jury.*

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FANCY TABLE COVERS, 4-4--Were $3, now $1.75.

FANCY TINSEL COVERS, 6-4--Were $3.75, now $1 50.

FANCY TAPESTRY COVERS, 8-4--Were $5, now $1.95.

FANCY PLUSH SIDEBOARD COVERS--Were $5, now $2.75.

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17,000 yards Ribbons and Laces at 1c. a yard, were 5c. and 6c.

Velvet Ribbon, brocaded, at 9c. and 10c. was 35c. and 40c.

Fine Shades Cashmere Embroidery at 25c. a yard, was $1.10.

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The Genial Burdette.

This week I have the pleasure of presenting a sketch of the famous American humorist whose name appears at the head of this article, Rev. R J. Burdette, or, as he is affectionately named by his personal friends and better known by a world of English newspaper readers, plain "Bob" Burdette. The sketch was produced in the unfavorable circumstances of not having a good, recent photograph, but a very good likeness of the humorist has been obtained. Mr. Burdette's celebrated lecture on the Rise and Fall of the Mustache was delivered to a large and much tickled audience at Bond street church on Friday evening of last week. He does not depend on theatrical tricks to make his humor take. It is what he says, not how he says it, that makes his audience laugh. His voice is not powerful, but it is penetrating. He speaks rapidly and with no Yankee drawl. Much curiosity has been expressed by those who have not heard this lecture as to what he could say on such a subject. It must be remembered, however, that humorists are not bound by the same laws which govern serious lecturers. Artemus Ward used to lecture on the Babes in the Woods, but always stopped at the end of an hour and a half very much astonished to find he had no time to say anything about the Babes. Burdette does not do this exactly, for the mustache enters largely into his discourse. A more descriptive title for his lecture would be, The Life of the Human Boy, for he takes that animal from the time he becomes the household terror and follows his trials and triumphs up through the school-boy period, the bashful period, the mustache period, the courting period, and on till he has become an old boy, having around him boys of his own. As the lecturer said, it was nothing new—merely a chat over old experiences—and the effects of the chat on the audience showed that many of them could say: "We've all been there before, many a time." Nor were the ladies entirely left out of all those experiences, for beside having an intimate acquaintance with boy life, the description of the courtship of Tom and Laura seemed a source of pleasant remembrance to the matrons, and of delightful anticipation to the maids.

In the brief interview I had with Mr. Burdette, I was unable to obtain any opinions from him on live topics, which he might be expected to discuss with authority. Rather short in stature and slender, in his traveling garb he might be set down for a business man or commercial "hustler." He has not the gloomy appearance of the proverbial humorist, though his face is serious and is furrowed with lines which tell their story of thought, care and hard mental labor. His eye is dark and expressive, and in conversation he frequently uses the term, "my boy," so often found in his writings.

The following concise epitome of his career was given me by the humorist himself: "Born, July 30, 1844, at Greensboro', Pa.; drifted west in eighth year; first paper wrote on, Daily Peoria (Ill.) *Transcript*. Next owned Peoria *Review*—died young; went to Burlington as local editor on the *Hawkeye*, 1872; began lecturing, 1877; abandoned *Hawkeye* for Brooklyn *Eagle*, 1885. Present home, Bryn Mawr, suburb of Philadelphia; family, one boy, R J. junior, 12 years old, now in Haverford college grammar school; politics, Republican; religion, Baptist; wealth, under a million." When at home he spends much of his time in his conservatory and garden. He is particularly fond of roses and makes a study of their cultivation. One cannot but feel that he possesses the spirit of genuine American humor and his quaint admixture with it of philosophy and poetry makes it sparkling with quaint antitheses. He spoke kindly of his brethren of the humorous quill, Mark Twain, Nye and Riley, particularly the latter. When asked if Mark Twain was lecturing now he replied, "No, he's too rich," and I doubt not Mr. Burdette can soon retire for a similar reason. When on taking leave he shook my hand twice and said, "Good-bye, my boy; be good, old fellow," I felt that I had met a man who, in his own quiet way, was doing mankind a heap of good.

VAN.

One Way Out of It.

Cleverton—Say old man, I'm in a fix. I've got to go to a ball to-night and these dress trousers are fearfully baggy. What would you do?

Dashaway (thoughtfully)—Brush your hair straight back, neglect your nails, don't dance, and they'll think you are a genius.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Burning Questions.

"Going to have something?" said the oil can to the kerosene lamp.

"Not this morning," was the answer, "I'm pretty full now."

"Oh, I see," said the can, "been out all night, eh. Well, will you smoke?"

"Thanks, I'll smoke after supper," said the lamp.—*Puck.*

A Damper.

A Primrose dame was canvassing the other day in a brickfield near Wimborne. An old laborer heard her out very attentively and then asked permission to put to her one or two questions. The first question was: "Have you got a vote yourself?" Of course the Primrose Dame had not. "And why ha'n't you got a vote?" pursued the brickmaker. The Dame either did not know or preferred not to tell.

"Well, ma'am," observed her interrogator, "if, as I suppose, Parliament don't consider you and the likes o' you, fit to have a vote, don't you think it's taking a bit of a liberty for you to go about teachin' them as has been given votes what they ought to do with 'em?" The conversation then dropped.—*Truth.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

DAISY.—Intuition, firmness and disdain are shown here.

EDITH.—Unselfish, sympathetic, warm-hearted and erratic.

DOT.—Sympathetic, generous, sincere.

NORMA.—Capricious, merry and thoughtless.

NAFFY.—Careless, courageous and impulsive.

DAINY DEARE.—Erratic, original and persistent.

NELLIE.—Sensitive, quick-tempered and careless.

MIGNONETTE.—Precise, prudent and very impatient.

DREDEMONA.—Persistent, reticent and kind-hearted.

GLADYS E.—Thoughtfulness, prudence and firmness.

LAURAX.—Persistent, decided, ambitious and reticent.

PAOLA, Belleville.—Erratic, headstrong, and persevering.

BLUE EYES.—Avaricious, careless, impatient and sensitive.

ROSEDALE.—I think you are sincere, energetic and self-reliant.

PAULINE, Kingston.—Shrewd, conscientious, original and impulsive.

MARGUERITE.—Energetic, persevering and of a merry disposition.

CHARLIE.—Irresolute, careful in attention to detail and reticent.

LULA.—Impulse, energy, high sense of honor and variable temperament.

MISS YAKER.—You are impulsive, independent, idealistic and original.

QUEENIE.—Affable and tender-hearted, very sensitive and conscientious.

OPHELIA.—Ambitious, a little careless, merry, and hopeful temperament.

MOON-FLOWER.—Self-assertion, persistence, originality, order and precision.

NURSE MAY.—You are decisive, affectionate, tender, sympathetic and reserved.

BROWN EYES.—You are kind-hearted, warm-tempered, impulsive and haughty.

NADY.—Fondness of flattery, irresolution, reticence and cunning are indicated here.

MARA.—Courageous, prudent, warm-hearted, capable of forming lasting friendships.

KATHLEEN, Ottawa.—Writing shows order, reserve, precision, modesty and wilfulness.

ERNIE.—Perseverance, capricious temper, thoughtfulness and indecision are shown here.

KATHLEEN, Ireland.—Suspicion, prudence, penetration and sensitiveness are shown here.

NYMPH, Stratford.—Penetration, good intuitive perception and a tendency to petulance.

MARY A.—Fondness for display, self-assertion, practicability and decision are shown here.

A CITIZEN.—Super-sensitive, determined, devoted in friendship, and thoroughly practical.

MARJORIE.—Frankness, sincerity, artistic taste and persistence are indicated by this specimen.

ALNA ERLE.—Artistic perception of the beautiful, amiability and tenderness are here shown.

MAY LLOYD.—Independence, ambition and much tenderness of feeling are indicated by this specimen.

TORY.—Your writing indicates a fairly decisive and practical temperament, hauteur and selfishness.

SUSAN MCDUFF.—Selfishness, self-reliance, fondness for admiration, and tendency to exaggeration.

FLORENCE BAWDIER.—Energy, practicability, quick perception and petulance are shown by this specimen.

OMAHA.—This writing suggests eccentricity, fair judgment, quick temper and tendency to moodiness.

MISS BEHAVIOR.—Tenderness, much dependence upon friends, and amiability of character are here shown.

LUCK.—Sincerity, fondness for admiration, and a happy faculty for making the best of things is here shown.

CLARIBEL M.—Love of flattery, tendency to deceit, jealousy, obstinacy and volubility of speech are shown here.

YANKEE DOODLE, New York.—Decidedly orderly, generous beyond prudence, inclined to be moody and discouraged.

AMY.—Love of admiration, tendency to exaggeration fluency in speech and independence are indicated by this specimen.

MAY, Rodney.—Captious temper, great power of endurance, love of company, excitement and luxury are here denoted.

HEARTEASE.—Strength of purpose, penetration, contented and happy disposition and much originality are here shown.

NORA.—This writing denotes a selfish, shrewd and rather suspicious nature, with decision and perseverance well marked.

ROXY.—You are dreamy rather than energetic, ambitious, careless, fond of congenial society and yet self-sufficient in its absence.

CLARABEL.—Writing shows shrewdness. Warm-hearted though somewhat repellent, and possessing great tenacity of purpose.

CLEIRY, Montreal.—I think you are governed by prejudice, that you are witty, very tender-hearted, a little unruly, high-spirited and changeable.

ANNIGONE.—Sensitiveness, love of society, vivacity, courage and cunning are strongly-marked characteristics of your writing. That of your friend shows much geniality, wit and tenderness.

KATHLEEN, Toronto.—Generosity, independence, prudence and persistence are indicated here. Advertise in the Detroit *Free Press*, New York *Sun*, Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, or Buffalo *Express*, according to the part to which you wish to go.

TOPSY.—Excessively careless, frivolous in the extreme, possessing a sympathetic nature. Regarding the dance music it would be impossible to tell you because tastes differ and one is almost as good as another. You are wilful and very determined.

MOLLIE.—My dear child, never in the world marry a man who drinks and gambles. The love of such a man is not of the lasting order, and the wife of a drunkard and a gambler is one whom the angels in Heaven must pity. Your writing shows indecision, tenderness, impulse and courage.

INEZ.—You should not have sent the stamps. I am pleased to know that my reading of the specimens seems correct, and will do my best with these. No. 1, excellent intuition, sensitiveness, a merry disposition and extreme kindness of heart. No. 2, self-reliant, impulsive, persistent and fond of display.

DAISY.—I have answered another Daisy to-day. I am sure I cannot tell how you are to tell yourselves apart. This letter bears date November 25, and is written on cream unruled with a fine pen. The writing shows lack of self-reliance, considerable sentiment, a fair amount of courage, and a great deal of carelessness.

NIP, Barrie.—Your request for an answer in "the next issue," strikes me as being wonderfully pathetic as I write you to-day, considerably after date. Letters are answered in turn, and I trust you are still patient, for I've done my "little best." Your writing denotes frankness, self-reliance, considerable talent in caring for number one, and a decided tendency to flirtation.

ANNIE MONTGOMERY.—Now Annie, if you expected to draw me into a discussion as to whether handwriting betrays character, you can't know how very valuable my time and the space in this column really is. You are a "young woman with opinions," receptive in action, sensitive, rather likely to aim too high for the future, a pleasant companion, though disposed to be uncharitable.

BUSH, BROOKLYN.—I do not remember studying this writing before. Your letter could not have reached me. You are fond of admiration, lack perseverance and strength of character to accomplish much in life. If you study music, you must concentrate your whole attention upon it, else you will meet as surely not succeed. How can I tell you if your "gentleman friend" are true to you? Honorable men are usually true to their friends, but all men are not honorable you know.

MORNING GLORY, Mongolia.—I do not understand your first question. Is the celluloid disclosed or the glass? Black and white combination is very fashionable, and the sailor costume would be pretty, though I should prefer an empire gown with short wasted bodice and sash and full sleeves. I would wear a straw hat or sage cap with the navy blue in warm weather. Black gloves with the black, and tan or gray with the navy blue. Shoes and hosiery are in much better taste if black for street wear. If a woman expects a man to call for her at a certain time to accompany her to any place of amusement she should be quite ready when he comes. A man usually doffs his hat on the hall table or rack, but a great deal depends on the position of the parlor door with regard to the street door. He can get easily disposed of it himself; if he can't or doesn't, take it and put it away out of mischief. It does not make a particle of difference about a hymn book; but a man is supposed to take especially good care of a young girl whom he takes to church. Your writing denotes reserve, suspicion, selfishness and indecision. The enclosed—self-reliance, generosity and prudence.

At the Ball.

Mr. Barnes—May I have the pleasure of this waltz with you?
Miss Polka—I am very sorry but I have already promised it to Mr. Lancer.
Mr. Jones (eagerly)—Perhaps if I told Mr. Lancer that you are sorry he wouldn't mind letting you off.

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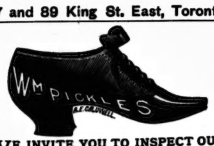

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About the Gentler Sex.

Several gentlemen were discussing the question—What do women like best to do?

"To get married," said one.

"To be in love," said another.

"They would rather dance," remarked a fourth.

"What's the matter with putting on finery?" "Shopping," suggested a fifth.

An elderly gentleman finally remarked: "The female sex like all the things you have mentioned, but my experience teaches me there is one thing they prefer over all, and that's to boss the shanty."

"Korrect!" replied the others, in a chorus.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Small Game Was Preferred.

Friend—Well, Mose, I see your fondness for chickens has got you into trouble again. Why can't you eat something else?

The Culprit—'Deed, Mar's Brown, I would, cheerfully; but how's a poo' nigger to carry a whole sheep off under his jacket? Does der law require imposserbilities?

UNCLE JERRY.

By D. A. McKELLAR.

A few years ago, said my friend, Tom Crooks, the artist, I was engaged to make a number of illustrations for a story of rural life. As I had lived in the city for days and had visited the country but rarely, and during the summer only, I resolved that I would make good use of the Christmas holiday week. I had an uncle named Tigner, who lived with his family on a farm about a hundred miles out of Toronto—you know my mother was a Tigner. Well, I made up my mind to leave the festive gaieties of the city for one Christmas and go out to visit my uncle and aunt, and also make some sketches which would be useful to me in illustrating the story I had in hand.

I was a pretty gay boy in those days and it was not without much regret that I resisted the solicitations of all the rest of the "boys" and stuck to my resolution of forsaking for once the Christmas revelries of my Bohemian companions. That time, however, pleasure was to be sacrificed to work.

I should not be able to recognize my uncle nor would he know me if we met face to face on the street. But I had often heard my mother speak of his generous disposition and I presumed on my relationship and his hospitable nature to be well received. My experience of country life, however, led me to expect that it would require all my artist's enthusiasm to overcome the almost intolerable dulness of that week. I also expected to find my uncle much the same as other farmers I had met—in fact I thought all farmers were alike—a kind, stupid man intensely narrow-minded and holding very serious scruples against everything that we young city fellows were fit to describe only as "fun." My grandfather and grandmother were Methodists, and I expected to find my uncle Jerry a member of the same body with a penchant for prayer meetings and down on everything in the shape of intoxicating beverages. I was determined to find out for myself, however, and did not allow these forebodings to shake my resolution. So I wrote my uncle a letter telling him I intended to trespass on his hospitality to the extent of a week's visit and hoped he could meet me at the station when I arrived.

With some necessary clothing and some simple sketching materials in my small valise, I got on the train at the Union Station about noon on the day before Christmas. The train was timed to land me at Burrville, a country hamlet and the nearest station to my uncle's place, about eight o'clock the same evening.

On my journey I kept thinking of the place to which I was going and speculating on the kind of reception I should get and the sort of time I should have. When the train stopped at the small stations on the route I amused myself by looking at the farmers assembled there and trying to pick out from among them one who might resemble Uncle Jerry. I noticed the types and tried to form a composite individual. I succeeded. Long before I got to Burrville I had Uncle Jerry's picture as clearly defined in my mind as if I had him in my sketch-book. He was tall and bony with bent shoulders, shaggy hair and beard and a hard, set, serious face, which seemed a reproof to even the thought of a smile. "He's one of those straight-laced old Methodists, I'll bet," thought I to myself, "who'll freeze me with a look and ring in a text on me if I happen to let slip a word that is not strictly orthodox. I know them; they're all alike, these grangers. But I'll suit him. I'll be a Roman among Romans, as good as they make them, and I'll just keep mighty quiet about my little frolics with the boys in town."

We arrived at Burrville and I got off. The station master delivered the train orders to the driver, the whistle blew and the train was gone. I took a look around. The station house was a small wooden box, with a kitchen to the rear for the use, I supposed, of the agent's family. The two or three red and blue lights in the semaphores shone brightly in the frosty air. Beyond and all around were the snow covered fields and farther off the woods. Down the road by which stood the station, at a short distance I could see the lights of the village. The quiet was intense. I listened; there was not a sound save the fitful bark of a dog, a jingle of sleigh bells and the rattle diminishing roar of the train—the last link, as I thought then, that bound me to civilization. A wave of loneliness came over me and I called myself a fool for coming.

I entered the forlorn little waiting-room. It had a box-stove in the centre of the floor, a hugh wood-box in the corner and walls covered with lithographic advertisements of different railroads. But the room was unoccupied.

"Have you seen Mr. Tigner, Mr. Jeremiah Tigner—here this evening?" I enquired of the stationmaster.

"Jerry Tiner! No, sir, I haint sin 'im to-night," he replied.

"That's strange! I expected him to meet me here. Is there any place in the village where I could be accommodated with a night's lodging and supper?"

"Oh, yes; Dick Redford's tavern's jist down there a step. He'll put you up."

I thanked him for his information and sought Dick Redford's, which I soon found by the sign "Commercial House—painted on the wall. When I entered the bar-room, there was a man standing at the bar, and the proprietor was just putting away three small glasses. None but the landlord noted my appearance, as the discussion was animated. The loudest and most persistent talker of the three was a little, corpulent man, with a ruddy face and spectacles from a round, pleasant looking face, shaven clean except for a fringe of grizzled beard running round under the chin. Another fringe of hair projected from the rim of his faded yellow fur cap which he wore and had long worn, evidently, as the skin was exposed in patches here and there.

"Talk about the Grits doin' anythin' fer this country," I heard him say as I explained to the landlord who I was and what I wanted. "Needn't talk to me like that! I tell you the Grits 'll 'lect sich men 's that fellah Blank they'll never git latch onto power. That man ain't any fitter to be in parliament than I be. He'd better be to home spuddin' thisales on that fifty of hisn 'stead of letitin 'em go to seed like he did last summer. That's all he's good for, fer he ain't fit fer that. My father never voted Grit in his life and, by jiminy, neither did I nor I hadn't goin' to. Didn'a the Grits raise a rebellion in 37, an' darned if they——"

"Jerry!" said the landlord, "Jerry!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed the little man, stopping short in his speech and looking round surprised. "Here's a gen'leman wants to see you, I guess," said the landlord.

"And this is Uncle Jerry," was the thought that flashed through my mind as I looked on the comical little man whose eyes shone like electric lights in his ruddy face.

"Are you my Uncle Jerry?" I asked, extending my hand.

"My sister Mattie's boy, sure's guns," he exclaimed. "Well, by gosh! how you've growed's a fright"—he had not seen me within my recollection—"I came just as near forgettin' all about you, jest as sure's he added, apologetically, still shaking me by the hand, "my friends here, Mr. Steele an' Mr. Morrow—this is my sister Mattie's son Tom from Toronto, who's come out to see us—we got into a leetle bit of an argyment on pol'tics an' I got a leetle warmed up an' I guess I was gittin' a leetle the upper hand an——"

"Don't know 'bout that," interposed Steele. "Yeh didn't get over that argyment of mine about the Pacific Scandal."

"Argyment about the Pacific Scandal!" snorted Uncle Jerry, "I don't call that no argyment at all. If you jist gib down to rock bottom facts you'll find that the Grits was the cause of it, fer wasn't it them——"

"Hold on, hold on now, never mind the Grits any more," said Morrow, cutting Uncle Jerry off short, "we've had enough politics for one night, I reckon. Here Dick, jist give these fellows a toothful o' somethin'. What air you goin' to hev', boys?"

"I'll try a leetle o' that dewdrop o' yourn, I guess," said Uncle Jerry, with a resigned air. "I aint likely you city fellas 're ust to much but some fancy drinks, eh?"

"Well," I said, determined to keep on the safe side, in spite of my shattered idol. "I'm not in the habit of indulging much myself in any kind of drink."

"No, 'spose not," said Steele. Wal, you're all the better fur that."

"Well, now," said Uncle Jerry, deliberately, drawing the sleeve of his shaggy overcoat across his mouth. "Seems to me a leetle drop o' good licker don't do a man no harm on a cold night like this, 'specially when he's got to go three or four miles, like we be, to home. Let's hev another, 'n then we'll pull out 'n be off."

"Another" was followed by another and another and another, and the only variation from "rye" was "hot whisky." I did not see fit to make my own portion more mild than the others were taking, for in those days I confess I was rather proud of my large capacity for strong waters. But I had never experienced till that time the blighting influence of such beverages. The way that "dewdrop" permeated my system was miraculous. Three minutes, I judge, after I had swallowed the last mouthful I felt my speech thickening, my eyesight growing dim, and when I tried to take a step I lurched heavily against the bar. I knew I had taken too much and suggested to my uncle that we had better go.

"Let's jist hev another drop 'fore we go," he clamored, "jist wan more."

The more they drank, said make me helpless, so I laid my hand on his arm to lead him away. Just then a wave of enthusiasm went through me. I dropped my hat, threw my coat off, put arms around the little man's neck I gurgled in his ear that he was the jolliest old uncle I ever struck and that I just thought I'd stay with him all winter.

Uncle Jerry looked idiotically at Steele and Morrow with tears in his shining eyes and pathetically exclaimed, "Thish my, sishter Mat's son Tom."

That settled it. There was no more said, and arm-in-arm we marched solemnly towards the door.

The landlord had brought around the horse while we had been talking, and two men were in the cutter and started on the road to our destination under the guidance of Uncle Jerry's faithful old horse, Paul.

The drive through the keen, frosty air soon had the effect of clearing my impressionable young brain and making me quite conscious of what was happening but not so of what Uncle Jerry. Throwing his left arm around my neck he said in a voice, the thickness of which the keen air of that frosty night could not cut.

"Tom, it's a long time since we've met before, aint it? But I like you, Tom, all the same, an' I guess you like Uncle Jerry pretty well, too, don't you?"

On being assured that he was my ideal uncle he continued in a low confidential tone, "Yes, Tom, you an' me kind o' understand, we're down on me, cos I don't go to church every Sunday and to pra'er meetin', but 't seems to me of a fellah pays his debts, d'ye see, and acts square by his neighbors he kind o' gives the lick o' him, eh? G'lang, Paul! D'jever see a horse stepped out better'n that! He's goin' on to twenty year and he's as sure-footed as a colt, an' he's jist as spry 's anythin' round these corners, I tell yeh."

With much incoherent chat of this kind, delivered with all seriousness, Uncle Jerry made short our journey. We turned a corner, and the old horse pricked up his ears and quickened his gait. We had all around were the "home stretch," and in a short time whirled us up a lane and was prevailed upon to stop opposite the gate which led to the kitchen door. Sammy, the hired boy, came out with a lantern and took charge of him while Uncle Jerry and I made the best of our way into the house. Before Sammy drove off, however, Uncle Jerry enquired of him in a confidential whisper if there was "anybody in."

"Nobuddy, but Miss's Tigner," replied Sammy.

Although I could feel that my head was not quite as clear as it should be I thought I was quite capable of handling myself creditably, both physically and mentally. So it was with some impatience and much nonchalance that I watched Uncle Jerry's dignified attempt to usher me in properly. He closed the door carefully, then turning to the thin faced woman, who for half a minute had been looking us narrowly, he extended his palm towards me and said in a sepulchral tone: "Jane, this is my sister Mattie's boy, brought 'm up from village."

"I suppose you are my Aunt Jane," I said, shaking her hand.

"Yes, I s'pose I am," she said, an' I'm right glad to see you, even if you do come in sich company, but we're ust enough to that. Just sinse your mother were married I reckon I'm comfortable with sich as we have to give you. Taint much, but yer welcome to it. You're a nice looking young man, I reckon, an' that I'm in a state like this when you're bringin' home strangers with you from Toronto. Yeh ought to be ashamed o' yerself."

"Well, Jane," said Uncle Jerry, making a brave attempt to hold up his head, "thish Chrismus, y' know."

"Well, what air ye, 'tis Chrismus yeh might keep away from Dick Redford's," replied Aunt Jane, smiling at his comical appearance in spite of her vexation, "an' now the sooner yeh git to bed the better."

As soon as he had gone to bed she set to work to prepare some supper for us, all the while muttering to herself that Uncle Jerry and denouncing hotel keepers in general and Dick Redford in particular. "He didn't get like this very often," she said, "but as sure's there's an 'lection goin' on fer reeve 'r member o' parliament, he jist gets drunk to git his hand in, so's of them loafers round the village an' as sure's he does he jist comes home like this."

Of course I assented to all she said. But while she was talking I sat by the box stove, I felt myself getting very drowsy and objects about me grew indistinct. When I moved to the fire, and stamped to get, I began to realize that the "dewdrop" had not yet entirely relaxed its grip on me. Tom had come out from the bars by this time and he seemed like a hideous satyr to my vision as he sat beside the stove and grinned when he saw me trying my best to spread a piece of cheese on my bread. When I spilt my cup of tea on the clean white cloth he could not repress a laugh, and I notice' him retire discreetly behind the stove, while Aunt Jane stopped her lecture and look' at me with unmixed astonishment. How I got to bed that night is a very hazy recollection with me. I feel there I did somehow and was not long falling asleep.

"You must be about ready to hev somethin' to eat, by this time," said Uncle Jerry next morning, looking in at my door with a smile on his round face. "How're yeh feelin'?"

"Pretty tough!" I replied, as indeed I was. "P'raps yeh better try a leetle o' this," said the old man entering the room and cautiously pulling a little flask out of his pocket. "A hair o' the same dog cures the bite, you know."

After trying "a hair"—for it was "dewdrop" that the flask contained—I got up in time to join the family at dinner.

"I jist kep' the turkey fer supper," said Aunt Jane, with a smile, in which lurked much covert sarcasm; "fer I thought p'raps you an' Jerry would relish it better then than fer dinner."

The afternoon I spent looking around the farm yard and making a few sketches which were things of unconcealed wonder to Aunt Jane and her brown-eyed, sixteen-year-old daughter, Lizzie, who was their only child.

"Well, I swan," exclaimed Aunt Jane, as she looked at my sketches, making at the same time a sound indicative of surprise, which produced by pressing the tongue against the upper teeth and suddenly withdrawing it, a sound which indicates surprise, "it just beats me however you kin do that—an' with nothing but a common lead pencil, too."

Uncle Jerry had disappeared. As it began to grow dark, and Sammy came in from the barn after "doing the chores," Aunt Jane began to get restless.

"I wonder," she said, and she looked wistfully down the road that ran villageward, "I wonder if that man aint just done gone to that place again. Was Jerry at the barn with you this afternoon, Sammy?"

"Yuh."

"Do you know where he's gone to?"

"Nuh!" with a shake of his head and a grin.

"I s'pose it's likely 's not he's gone down there agin," she said. "Well, I'll jist wait fifteen minutes more, 'n if he don't come we'll sit to supper."

Before the fifteen minutes were up, however, Uncle Jerry came in unsteadily.

"Where 've yer bin, keepin' supper waitin' this way till the turkey's nearly spiled?" asked Aunt Jane sharply.

"Yer appetites 'll be all the better fer a little wait," retorted her husband. "I've jist bin over helpin' Yorkie kill a couple o' hogs."

"Now, you're a liar, helpin' that man, 'n its little thanks yeh git for it."

"Never mind, Jane," said Uncle Jerry soothingly, "we'll git supper. I got thirteen pies out there I'm goin' to kill soon, 'n you can git his wife to help you sew them carpet rags o' yours."

"Oh, yes, you talk n' talk about gittin' square 'n yeh never git square with that man. He 'll hev somethin' to do to home when you want aist."

"Well, well, it's a good thing we can get lots of others to help us, anyway. But yeh better bring out the turkey fer fear he gets my appetite."

The turkey was brought on and a fine fellow he was, the pick of the flock. And what a feast he made with the turkey, mealy potatoes, fresh from the earth-covered pit.

Uncle Jerry was brilliant and Aunt Jane indulgent. He grew reminiscential and told stories of the pranks of his younger days, with frequent references to his "sparking" exploits all of which were punctuated by winks at me and knowing looks in the direction of Aunt Jane. Then I threw off my mask and told him of some of my tamer "nights out with the boys," all of which caused Aunt Jane to say, "Goodness me! Such extravagance!" and Uncle Jerry, to wag his shining pate and, with a sly wink and a grin at me, which exceeded more than a little in boldness, say, "You're bad set, the hull of yeh, 'n y'orto change yer ways."

"Sammie," said he to the boy who, after supper, had stretched himself on the lounge in the corner, and lay there grunting from the extraordinary quantity of turkey and potatoes he had consumed, "Sammy, hev yo down cellar 'n bring up a pitcher o' cider, that's a good boy. I got some o' the best cider in these parts, I reckon." To Aunt Jane he would say, "Jane 'n bring up a pitcher o' cider, that's a good boy. I got some o' the best cider in these parts, I reckon." To Aunt Jane he would say, "Jane, yer jist seven year old."

The cider was indeed as good as he represented it, being equally as much better than champagne I had sampled. I took care to indulge sparingly for I did not want to make a holy show of myself again. But Uncle Jerry was deterred by no such considerations and took frequent "drops to clear his throat" as he talked away on every conceivable subject. His tongue wagged faster and faster and of a good story he would turn to his wife, who sat gravely darning socks across the stove, with a "How's that, Jinny?" Finally I got him to sing a song, of which I can only recall one verse, but it was a good one. Here it is:

"I live in the mill at the foot of the hill,
Where the stream runs rippling by,
An' for ten miles round there cannot be found
A m rrier fellow than I
For I laugh and I sing and I drive away care,
I've enough for my wants an' a little to spare
If a poor tramp comes to my door
I'd make him as welcome as the fi'wers in May."

"Them's our principles, aint they, Jinny!" he cried across his wife when he had finished. "An' talkin' bout singin' reminds me I got to take a grist down to the mill to-morrow mornin'."

"A good chance for me to pick up some good sketches," thought I. "I'll go with you, if you don't mind."

"Glad yeh will," replied Uncle Jerry, "an', Sammy, you better fill a couple o' bags o' petaters an' I'll take 'em down to Gordon's. That man hain't bin well enough teh do a stroke o' work all winter."

"Yes. An' ye'll take some butter down to old Hannah's," put in Aunt Jane.

The next day we went mill and after leaving his grist, Uncle Jerry drove up to the village to have his horses' shod and wait for his grist while I stayed sketching around the mill.

Towards evening it began to snow and when I returned to the mill, from which I had wandered for distance, I found Uncle Jerry had not yet taken his grist and was to be found up in the village. I went straight to the Redford House. There I found Uncle Jerry surrounded by a chair lecturing to an amused and sympathetic audience. His face was as red as the sun on an autumn morning's day, and in this setting his eyes twinkled like jet jewels. The pride of his yellow fur cap hung like an awning over his left ear. Now and again he would stoop to emphasize a point by bringing his right fist down with a vigorous whack on the bar, at which there was much applause.

"I want to ask you, Mr. Chairman"—this official was purely imaginary—"if I look like a villyun who'd ask yeh to cast yer frenchises for to do wrong agen? (Whack). Would I git a stray, boys, would I? P'raps I'm a leetle off on some things, but when it's pol'tics you allus come with the ole man. (Whack). I'd like to see the yeh what dares to say I never did fer Burrville 'r fer us farmers, us freeholders! Didn't they promise to build a post office an' never done it! (Whack). Didn't they promise to bottom out o' the market an' wasn't it them that wanted to fetch the Scott Act in here an' keep the white men from git'yin' our rights? (Whack). There's a man fer yeh, Tom, fetchin' the relatives of Sir John on the wall. "There's the grand ole patriarch; there's the man of good sound sense an' principlin' (whack) that's made you an' me what we air to-day. Mark yer ballet boxes fer him, boys, an' the country's safe. Mark yer ballet boxes fer him, boys, an' let's git the Gover'ment a' gives us good caps an' a good price fer wheat"—here he caught sight of me—"an' I yeh don't be'lieve me I'll jist call on m' sister Mat's son, Tom, from Tronto an' he'll tell yeh the ole man 's sound."

On the way home that night Uncle Jerry's talk was entirely political. No other subject seemed worth considering—the welfare of the country was at stake. During the course of his talk he mentioned to think it would be interesting to show me how he drove his team on election days, bringing in voters. I was interested. He jumped up in the sleigh box and taking up the slack of the lines he leaned over to a far as he could and gave Paul and Charlie, his team, the benefit of it, at the same time yelling "G'lang there, what-cher doin', Charlie, yer a-sleepin' yer!" This scon started them into a run and I, the interested party, amused myself hanging to the box with a death grip as the sleigh bounced over "sleve" or tilted up on a drifted track and dodging the snow balls from the horses' heels as they whizzed past my head. I was interested.

We got home safely, however, and until the day came for my departure, Unc e Jerry stayed there quietly and was the same jolly, kindhearted old chap that my mother had often told me of. When I was going away he drove me to the station. Aunt Jane's parting words to me were, "Try and send that man right straight home 'r we'll not see 'n auain till all hours o' night." I promised I would, but as luck would have it my train was an hour and a half late—detained by snowfalls—and Uncle Jerry would stay to see me off.

I need scarcely tell you what happened. Before the train arrived the rose-bloom of Uncle Jerry's nose had faded into not a little by that dewdrop I mentioned before. As he shook my hand fervently at parting, he laid his left hand on my shoulder and leaning forward confidentially said: "Tom, I'm better, when yeh want teh see a reel good, old-fashioned elephant, you jist come out to Burrville an' see yer Uncle Jerry."

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on Needle Work, just published, handsome in and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles; also, stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of ehs ting for flowers and birds, and much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

How the Officials and Guardians of the Bank of England Enjoy Themselves.

In the basement of the Bank of England is the barracks wherein half a hundred soldiers are quartered from seven o'clock every evening until seven o'clock the next morning for the protection of the bank.

There is a library for the use of the men, who are also provided with a bountiful supper and breakfast, plenty of good tobacco, and enough beer to satisfy a thirsty Londoner.

Every night in the year an officer at the head of this company of soldiers marches over from the Tower of London. At seven o'clock he takes possession of the bank. This is a custom that dates back since the Lord George Gordon riots.

All night long these men patrol through the halls, courts and offices of the bank, and the outside is as carefully guarded. Indeed it may be truthfully said that from seven o'clock in the morning "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is as well protected by Her Majesty's soldiers as her Majesty in her palace.

As these men have to eat and drink and a good wine cellar to choose from, it is not considered a bad post for even an officer, and it often happens that late passers-by can hear music and song issue from the building, for be it known also that the secretary, superintendent and various officials, with their respective families, are compelled to live in the bank. They form a set of their own, and the young ladies give delightful little musicales and teas.

He Would Prove His Love.

Amelia (in an insane interval)—Oh, Arthur, I fear you do not truly love me!

Arthur (struck to the heart)—Not love you, my darling! What can I do to prove my devotion?

Amelia (frantically)—I know not!

Arthur (after a pause)—Will you—will you play something on the piano?—*Puck.*

How They Go Around.

An American lawyer tells the following story of a famous pun:

I was spending an evening with Mr. Justice Willis who is famed for his quickness of wit of the English bench and bar. I tried to match his stories with such shining specimens as I could think of from the contributions of our American lawyers, reserving for the last the famous pun of Judge Hoar regarding a friend of his, "who," he said, "first got on, then got honest, and then got honest."

To my surprise, Mr. Justice Willis scarcely smiled at this sally. Indeed, his manner rather seemed to offend him.

"That is a good story," he remarked, dryly, "but I fear I must dampen your enjoyment of it somewhat by telling you that it was improved from our side of the water. My friend, Sir Frederick ——, one of the most gifted of punsters as well as of lawyers," said Mr. Justice Willis, with some severity, "made that pun originally in my hearing many years ago."

Against this view I protested so valiantly that Mr. Justice Willis promised to write to Sir Frederick without delay. That gentleman's reply confirmed my own belief. He admitted borrowing the pun from America. His letter was so charming that I sent it to Judge Hoar. I received this reply:

"The letter which you were so kind as to forward me has given me much, very much, great pleasure, but, alas! it arrived too late. Two days ago, in looking over an old law magazine of the year 1827, I came across what I had fondly believed to be my own pun, likely an old one then!"

A Polite Coachman.

A wealthy man had engaged a new coachman, who was noted for his very polite ways. He intended to keep his place. Accordingly, when the master visited the stable the following conversation took place:

Master—Well, John, how are the horses?

Coachman—They are quite well, sir, thank you; and how are you?

The Best Part.

"What part do you perform in the great drama of life?" asked a wit of a peasant.

"I mind my own business," was the quiet reply.

If They Were Men.

New York *Truth* says: One of the syndicates in the West recently published a collection of women's views as to what they would do if they were men, and on looking over this singular exhibit I was struck with the almost unanimous tone of vindictiveness in it. The women all talked as if they would "get square" with fate, if they had the chance, for making men better than women, and most of them betrayed a weak and very foolish desire to be men for awhile just to have their fling out safely. The fact is, that the average woman is not to be trusted to have her way on this question, and if there is not a man—a father or a husband—somewhere behind her, she is sure to make a mess of it.

WHAT IS VANITY?

ARE MEN AND WOMEN VAIN?

It is Pardonable so Far as Personal Beauty is Concerned?—A Letter from Mrs. Langtry.

The impression has existed among ignorant or prejudiced people that women or men who are particularly neat about their persons or careful to preserve their personal charms are vain.

We cannot agree to this view. It might as well be said that men or women who keep their hands and nails clean are "vain"—Nature intended creatures with the "form divine" to also have good features and complexions, and when they are otherwise the cause must be found in neglect or suffering caused by sickness or poverty. A man or woman who is willing to be hideous or repulsive by having on the face blackheads, pimples, tan, liver-spots and other like imperfections, must be grossly ignorant or utterly devoid of all the feeling which can be described in one notation—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—Nothing more disgusting can be imagined than a face covered with the imperfections referred to—they are worse than unclean finger-nails.

Just think how suggestive they are—What must be the effect on one's lover, one's husband, or one's friends. It is a matter of duty to prevent and remove these things, and is in no sense an indication of vanity. No woman of the world but thoroughly understands the potency of a beautiful complexion.

Read the following letter and rest assured that every woman and every girl should use the Recamier Preparations. In no other way, so far discovered, can she appear as nature intended she should.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Recamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to adapt to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Recamier Preparations, and believe they will be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin.

Yours most sincerely,

LILLIE LANGTRY.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Madame Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spot or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust and cinders after travelling, and is invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and brunette. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in dressing, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. B. AYER.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that I *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, 50c.; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

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A Page of Napoleon I.

A French Marshal, de Sainte Croix, who was a page of Napoleon and a favorite of Josephine before he distinguished himself in the army, published his memoirs, from which I extract the following interesting episode:

Before entering the army I was a page to Napoleon the First, but I can assure you that in the house of the Emperor this was no plaything affair. When on duty it was necessary to remain all day long in the ante-chamber leading to the Emperor's private cabinet, with ear alert to catch the sharp sound of the bell, by which he signalled us to open the door to give exit to some important diplomat, or make to enter some famous general.

The hours seemed very long to us, because we knew all the illustrious visitors who awaited an audience, and their names, appertaining already to history, had become too familiar to us to produce the least effect. We remarked, moreover, the haughty manner of the Emperor towards some of his generals, who had been his companions in arms, and that he knew how to hold them at a distance. Whatever may have been their familiarity and their *sans facon* in the bivouac or upon the field of battle, the atmosphere of the Tuilleries soon threw a coldness upon that. It was not then without reason that people said that the ceremonious manners and rigorous etiquette of the court of the Bourbons were preferable to the austere coldness and the inflexible stiffness of the imperial court.

The ante-chamber is always the reflection of the salon, and all the caprices and levities of the great man are quickly imitated by his inferiors. So when he appeared in bad humor a shadow of sadness spread over all the house. As to us pages, we were not long in identifying ourselves with the mood of the Emperor, and our impertinent manners, no doubt, were more detested by visitors than the brusque speech and searching regard of Napoleon himself.

As for me, specially, what malicious pleasure I took in stopping Talleyrand as he was approaching the Emperor's door, and saying, "Pardon, monsieur, His Majesty is not able to receive you to-day."

Or to a duke, "Monsieur the duke, His Majesty has not given the order to permit you to enter."

You can imagine how disconcerted were those whom I sent back to their place, in the midst of the crowd of people soliciting audience, the wily diplomat dissembling his embarrassment under an official smile, and the grave marshal blushing with indignation even to the whites of his eyes.

Truth to say, this was all the pleasure our position afforded us, though we made ourselves thoroughly detested thereby. This ambassador, who spoke haughtily in the councils of kings, because soft and almost timorous in approaching us; and that general, who would not have hesitated to charge a battery of artillery, showed himself timid as a girl in asking of us pages a simple question.

The Emperor habitually sounded his bell at the end of each audience in order that the next visitor following might enter, after the order of arrival, but the list was sometimes changed in behalf of important personages.

One day when I was on duty a list was given me. Napoleon was occupied that day with an inquiry regarding the naval forces of France, and in place of brilliant officers in splendid uniforms, the ante-chamber presented an array of uniforms of marine quite ordinary in appearance. I did not feel greatly flattered to be obliged to receive such unattractive visitors. The hall was quite full by noon, when I saw a little man of bronzed face and compact figure enter, dressed in a big blouse of blue cloth, like a Breton fisherman, secured around his waist by a rude leather belt which supported a huge cutlass. His wide pantaloons were rolled up at the bottoms, displaying immense feet dressed in coarse blue stockings and wooden shoes.

In entering he had one hand in his pocket, and the other held a broad-brimmed tarpaulin. He saluted two or three officers in passing, and took a seat by the door, and was immediately absorbed in his reflections.

"What queer fish is this!" thought I, and running my eye down my list I saw that numerous pilots from Havre, Calais and Boulogne had been summoned to Paris to give certain information regarding the soundings and depths of the sea along the coast. "Ah," thought I, "the honest fellow has gotten into the wrong room," but there was something so original and striking in the ferocious old seawolf that I decided to let him rest in his error and not send him away. I, moreover, noticed that his coming had caused something of a sensation among the other occupants of the room, which amused me.

While I was regarding him, he took a chew of tobacco from an enormous *tabatiere*, and said: "Look here, boy, you had better tell the Emperor that I am waiting to see him. It is past noon, and I want to get a bit of a lunch."

"Have a little patience," I replied; "without doubt His Majesty will invite you to dinner."

"So be it," said he, seriously; "If he doesn't eat too late I am his man."

"Then you know the Emperor!"

"*Certes.* I knew him when he wasn't any bigger than you are."

"How happy he will be to see you," said I, with difficulty repressing a smile; "I hope you have brought your family with you, because that would flatter the Emperor immensely."

"No," said the old tar, "I have left all my family at home. The court would hardly agree with us, and we have other things to do besides spending our time and our money with all the people who come here."

"And it is probably more agreeable for you," I added, "to hunt the wily codfish and search for a succulent herring, gathering in a bit of drift-wood from a wreck now and then."

He looked at me for a moment like a tiger ready to spring; but he said nothing.

"And how many little sea-wolves have you in your ocean cave?" said I.

"Six," he growled, sullenly; "and every one of them able to hold you out at arm's length."

As he said this the door of the Emperor's cabinet opened and Napoleon appeared. He took a rapid glance around the hall, and cried with flashing eyes:

"Who is on duty here?"

"I, sire; Sainte-Croix," I responded, springing from my seat and saluting profoundly.

"And where is Admiral Truquet? Why has he not been sent in to me?

"He is not here," said I, trembling like a leaf.

"Stop, young man, not so lively. I am here," cried the sailor, rising to his feet.

"Ah, Truquet, my dear friend," cried the Emperor, placing both hands on the shoulders of the old tar, "how long have you been waiting?"

"Two hours and a-half," he responded, pulling out a watch as big as a saucer.

"How! two hours and a-half and I not informed of it?"

"That's no consequence, sire; I am always happy to serve Your Majesty. But if this lad hadn't told me that you would probably invite me to dinner—"

"He said that, did he!" cried Napoleon, giving me a savage glance: "Very well—yes—Truquet, you dine with me to-day. And you," he added, turning to me, "you dare to talk like that! Call the guard! Captain, arrest this fellow. He is disgraced, and will no longer be a page of mine. Out of my presence, Monsieur! *Sortez!*"

That evening I found myself at Sainte-Pelagie, where three weeks of prison on bread and water taught me to remember my first interview with the Emperor.

My second interview was no more happy than the first. My good benefactress, Empress Josephine, had finally obtained my pardon, and I had been sent to Saint Cloud awaiting the time when the Emperor might forget my existence. It was a Siberia for me for, at Saint-Cloud, there was neither court nor reception, nor military parade, nor balls—nothing. Only a little troop of servants occupied the palace.

But at these times, a lamp, like a star, shone in a little chamber on the second floor until four or five o'clock in the morning. There the Emperor worked alone, returning to Paris at the early dawn. But we never saw him.

One April night a number of us boys—all exiles like myself, were discussing our hard fate, when some one proposed that, to pass away the time, we go to the little private garden, separated from the park, and reserved for the Emperor alone. The hour when he was in the habit of coming there was passed and there was no danger of encountering him. For an hour or more we wandered therein, and then a daring lad suggested that we play leap-frog in the sacred place. The idea was welcomed with enthusiasm and the play commenced immediately, amid joyous peals of boyish laughter. It was droll to play leap-frog in the pathway sacred to Napoleon, *n'est ce pas?*

When my turn came to hunt the others, judge of my surprise when I could find nothing of them. They had disappeared. I ran here and there, and finally, by the pale light of the moon, discovered what I supposed was one of my comrades. I crept upon him softly on tiptoe, and when near enough I suddenly leaped upon his shoulders. He lost his equilibrium through the fury of my *elan*, and fell prone upon the ground. I rolled over him, yelling with laughter, when all at once my supposed comrade bounded to his feet, and—horror of horrors—it was the Emperor!

His face, usually pale, was purple with rage, and he was unable to offer a word for an instant.

"Who are you?" he finally cried.

"Sainte-Croix, sire," I responded, falling to my knees, half dead with fright.

"Sainte-Croix! Always Sainte-Croix! Come here, young man! *Approaches!*" he howled, suffocated with rage.

I got up to obey, but before I could take a step he seized my shoulders, planted a vigorous kick on my posterior and cried, "*Allez-vous-en!* Get out.

That is how I quitted the court of the Emperor to join the army, and how I became marshal of France.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Fiend of the Car.

About the middle of the car was a lady and a boy about five years of age, evidently mother and son. The train had scarcely moved out of the depot before the boy began to cut up, running up and down the aisle and making remarks to passengers. The mother called to him several times and finally said:

"James, I shall certainly tell your father."

"How can you when he's run away and nobody knows where he is?" replied the boy.

This settled the mother for a time, but when the boy sought to raise a window she leaned forward and said:

"James, I shall surely punish you!"

"If you do I'll tell that a policeman arrested grandpa," he retorted.

She let him alone for another interval, but as he began to worry a bird in a cage, which one of the passengers was transporting, she sternly said:

"James, come here!"

"Not now."

"Right off! You are a bad boy, and I shan't let you come with me again."

"Yes, you will."

"No, I won't."

"Then I'll tell that the reason papa ran away is because Mr. Davis came to our house so much!"

This prostrated the mother, and she began to read, and had nothing further to say, while the boy roamed up and down the car unchecked until he finally fell asleep on a vacant seat. He had one more shot in reserve, however. As he lay down he called out:

"Say, mamma, wake me up when we get to grandma's. I want to hear her swear and take on because papa turned her out doors last summer!"

A Delicate Question.

Waggish Friend—Where did you get that—Sprigging (gasping)—Eh! Wha—

"That hat!"

"Oh! Hat! Of course, of course! Bought it around the corner. I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got this umbrella."

It Will Ever be Thus.

A citizen of Harlem, who was approaching the railroad depot, followed by a dog, halted and picked up a stone and flung it at the canine with the exclamation:

"You good-for nothing cur, but I'd like to knock your head off!"

Just then a man came down a side street, followed by a second dog, and halted to say:

"I've got another such cur here. He isn't worth his weight in soap grease."

"I'll poison mine this very night!"

"And I'm going to throw mine under the locomotive."

"Say," said the second man, after a moment's thought, "call your cur up here and let's get 'em to fighting.

"Good idea. Here, Jep—Jep—Jep! Come here, doggie!"

The dog cautiously approached, and as the two animals began growling and walking around each other a sudden "Sluboy" brought a climax, and they began fighting. Both men laughed, but it wasn't a minute before the first man, whose dog was underneath, kicked the dog on top.

"Hold on, now. Give my dog a fair show!" shouted the other.

"He's the biggest."

"No he ain't! Don't you kick my dog again!"

"I'm a good mind to kick his owner!"

"I'd like to see you try it!"

"I can do it!"

"You're a liar!"

And with that they began whaling away at each other with great vigor ending after five minutes in a draw. Meanwhile the dogs had quit and disappeared.

"I allow no one to kick my dog!" gasped one, as he wiped at his bloody nose.

"And no living man can call me a liar!" growled the other, as he held his black eye.

"I'll see you again!"

"And I'll see you!"

Who He Was.

Jobson—I tell you what it is, old man, there are some people pigheaded beyond belief. There's a fellow who has had a new overcoat of mine for weeks and won't give it to me.

Dobson—Who is this ungentlemanly fellow?

Jobson—My tailor.

CUPID'S HARNESS.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, destroy beauty and attractiveness and make life miserable. An unfailing specific for these maladies is to be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

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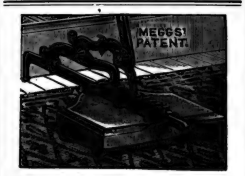

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SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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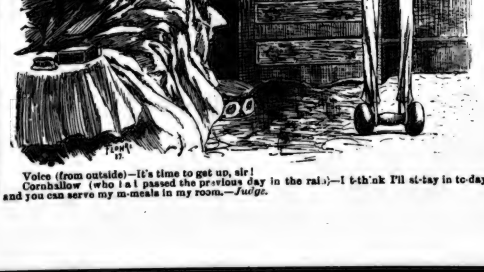
Not a Howling Success.



Voice (from outside)—It's time to get up, sir!

Cornballow (who has passed the previous day in the rain)—I th'nk I'll st-tay in to-day, and you can serve my m-meals in my room.—*Judge.*

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Have you in common with the majority of your sisters given up all thought but that connected with a word which begins with a capital C? It means plum pudding, turkey, Santa Claus, and the careful hiding away of mysterious parcels.

Oh, no, I am joking—it means more—much more. It means a gathering together of our near and dear, a newly awakened feeling of deeper kindliness and sympathy for the poor and the wretched. It means a remembrance of the first Christmas, and a deep-down thankfulness for the good with which we are surrounded. I will venture to say too that it means a conclusion that we are not as good as we might be, or as we want to be, and a resolve to be better in the future.

Since it has become so fashionable for women to care for their finger nails in earnest fashion, the shops show many styles of manicure implements. Dainty plush cases with scissors, file, chamois polisher and a box for the polishing powder are often seen now. But, oh, dear me, time is precious and manicuring one's nails with all that apparatus must be a lengthy business.

A pretty butterfly pen wiper is in black velvet, with brass rings and gold cord embroidery, to imitate the markings on the wings and the rings around the slender body.

Antimacassars are gone, and who isn't glad? The horrid things would never stay fastened on a chair, and the pretty head-rests, downy, perfumed and fashioned of delicately tinted silk, stay just as they are put, with one pillow resting on the chair back, and its twin laced with ribbons through brass rings, hangs over the back to balance it.

Mirror-gray satin is a shade much mentioned in the fashion letters from Paris, and the soft silver-gray should be well received on account of its general becomingness, and, too, for its dainty neatness.

Russian net makes pretty evening dresses managed in this way. It is worn over a silk slip, and baby ribbons are run around the bottom of the skirt, woven in and out of the large meshed net. The bodice is finished in the same way—the surplice folds being bordered with many rows of the narrow ribbons.

Dress goods for the street are rougher and woollier than ever, while house dresses are still more fanciful.

A woman in writing on fashions not long since said that if she could prevent it, tea gowns, and dresses of that style, should be relegated to the dressing room; that they were untidy and undignified. She must be a woman who wears tailor-made dresses and stiff linen collars from Monday morning till Saturday night, and I have caught myself wondering if she would be likely to wear a dressing sack or a wrapper, even if it were never so pretty. Maybe she would not, but we who would are many.

Ball dresses for Christmas festivities are in keeping with the season, for many are made of tulle with a foot-trimming and bodice garniture of holly. In fact holly reigns for a brief season, and then with Christmas memories and Christmas greetings is packed away for a twelvemonth again.

Suede mittens are the latest popular novelty for evening. One good feature is that there is no necessity for their removal at supper, and treacherous seams and fickle buttons will have less opportunity to parade the tempers of those whom they annoy.

Moorish jackets find especial favor with slender women. Bordered with fancy braid, gimp, swansdown or fur, they form, with their bright dashes of color, an attractive addition to somewhat plain house dresses.

New shoes come in black and white kid. If the tops are white, the vamps are black, and vice versa. They may be new, but I cannot believe they would look a bit nice on one's feet.

For coiffure ornaments, the Greek fillets, gemmed, plain gold or amber seem more than ever popular. The hair is dressed low or half low, and the bang, loose and fluffy, is held back by the bands. They all three fasten in one at the ends, and clasp beneath or behind the knot of hair at the back. With the loose Greek-draped gowns, this style of hair-dressing is especially in keeping, and gives an added charm to the uniqueness of the classic robe.

With the furore in favor of black, comes the warning remonstrance as to its habit of leaving shadows behind it. Black velvet, if touched with perspiration, dyes the skin immediately. I remember a pair of velvet bonnet-strings, which persisted in adorning my throat with a very undesirable black streak, which resisted a good many efforts for its removal. Black fur and feather trimmings also mark the neck and wrists, and most people have discovered that the lisle hose, which are warranted in the loudest tones usually leave the blackest marks. Silk hose will too, though a fairly good quality can be pursuaded by careful laundrying to abandon the habit forever.

Regarding Christmas gifts, I quote the following, and I attach the quotation with an earnest "my sentiments exactly." In the presenting of gifts, the enrichment of the recipient is not the thing aimed at, but the conveying of good wishes, and the simplest little fanciful trinket made for, or purchased for some one we love with especial reference to the taste and inclination of the present's destined owner, can be an ideal gift which an expensive, an ill-chosen or an unsuitable one may fall much short of being.

The wisely-worded quotation runs thus: "The time of the year has now come when more absolute rubbish floods the market and is offered for Christmas gifts than there are sands in the seas. I don't believe in giving sensible Christmas gifts—that is to say, because anybody's poor, genteelly poor, don't make them more conscious of it, and give them a flannel petticoat or a pair of Arctic overshoes. Let the Christmas time bring the book, the picture, the sweeties or the lovely letter paper that one wouldn't buy for one's self, but which are welcomed so gladly. In the name of all womanly sense, don't inundate Tom, whether he is your young man or your lord and master, with sachet powders or mufflers that are calculated to give him his death of cold. Of course if you have aspirations in the direction of being a widow, the muffler is the thing to further your diabolical end; but if you want to keep Tom well and hearty, let it alone.

"Then don't give him a rocking chair that you intend to use yourself, or a gorgeous inkstand that will decorate your desk, and in which Tom will never put his pen unless it is to write a check for you. Tom is human, and wants what can be his very own. You wouldn't like anybody to send you a silver cigarette case because Tom happened to be in your family; neither does he like to get a fluff of pink satin and lace with three feathers on the top which he is deadly afraid to touch, and which he wouldn't keep his handkerchiefs in if he were paid for it, and which becomes yours because it wasn't suited for him. I don't know what to tell you to get for him, but from a dressing gown to an eider-down quilt, from white enamelled shirt buttons to silver match boxes, let it be something which he will use."

Now isn't that sensible, and don't you from your inmost soul agree with the woman who wrote it? Your sincere friend,

CLIP CAREW.

Mr. O'Brien (shouting down a well)—Dinnis! Oi say, Dennis, is it drowned ye are, or not? (no answer). It's a d——n fuhl ye are, anyway; how am I to know if you don't answer?

CHRISTMAS TREE.

Master Wallace secures one with his little hatchet, but meets with opposition on his way home.

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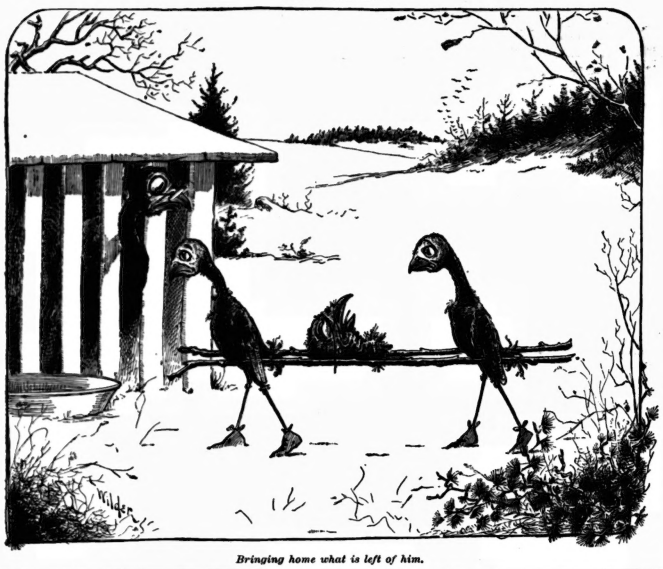
CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.

PA TURKEY.



Bringing home what is left of him.

Church Talks.

St. Philip's Church is not large. It is not essentially a stylish church. It is unpretentious, and yet it is quite attractive to the casual attendant on account of the earnestness which marks the congregation.

Not being able to take part in the responsive service, I had ample time to follow my inclination to study the faces of those about me.

True, my friend had a prayer-book, which had been handed him by one of the little maidens in the seat ahead. The interior arrangement, however, mystified him, and he moved over and gravely offered to share with me The Visitation of the Sick, which was most decidedly not the service in progress.

Earnest faces were scattered through the congregation, and four very striking ones so claimed my attention that I looked long and intently at them, weaving half-unwittingly some fancies as to their lives and thoughts and hearts.

The first face I noticed was that of a young girl. She had a fresh color and fluffy brown hair, whose dainty little rings curled carelessly around a pretty brow. The contour of her features was delicate, her expression thoughtful to sadness. She glanced only now and then at her prayer book, seeming to be far away from the simply-appointed church. Her responses were made mostly from memory, with grave and earnest emphasis, and I wondered why that absent, sad and regretful look should rest upon her face.

Then I noticed the mourning she wore, and I fancied that the solemnity of the quiet little church, the measured monotone of the clergyman's voice, the indescribable feeling of calm, rest and seclusion which comes to the heart of the true worshipper, had given her time to think of the past and its memories, and that, not with rebellion, but only with longing remembrance she was thinking of her dead, who had gone from her.

Scarcely a moment could I keep my eyes from her face. I pitied and sympathized with her, and I wanted to think that she was not unhappy.

The choir voiced the closing amen. A rustle of dresses, and a shuffling of feet on bare boards—gradually growing less loud until they subsided into perfect quiet—marked the end of that part of the service, and upon seating myself I found that I had lost sight of my pretty brown-haired girl.

An old man in plain, homely dress, with a white beard and bushy gray hair, caught my glance now and I watched him during the reading of a bible lesson. Absorbed, he leaned forward, and his keen, pale eyes seemed to gleam with a penetration born of decision. Now and then a puzzled look swept over his face, but for the greater part of the time he appeared to understand and appreciate the sacred words.

He was, I think, an Englishman, and I could fancy him seated at a table in a comfortable, yet not luxurious home, with his children about and his wife near him. I could almost hear his voice as he read to them from the Book of Books, explaining here and there allusions or parts of especial interest. The simplicity and the earnestness of the old man's face told me that religion was with him no cloak, the service of his church no mere form to be followed for ease of conscience. A real inner life bespoke itself from every feature of his rugged face. Half in shadow, half in light, it showed a great deal of character, with its lines drawn by age and sorrow and care.

The lesson over, he leaned back. A child beside him handed him the hymn book, and, rising to sing I lost sight of him, but caught an expression on a woman's face which bewildered me with its sadness.

I have seen sad faces, but on this there was a wildness, a remorseful, hunted look, fascinating in its very dreadfulness.

A movement on the part of a man between us, lost to me the view of that black-eyed woman with the heart-sorrow written so plainly over her face.

I listen to the singing. It is good. The accompanying music is well rendered, and the volume of sound indicates that the congregation generally is sharing in this part of the service.

Seated for the sermon, I listen for a while, but my brisk and rather long walk to the church, the heated atmosphere and the monotone of the clergyman's delivery, makes me drowsy. I struggled silently with the maiden and her poppies, and then roused myself to build a story around another rather uncertain foundation—a woman's face.

It was a mother's face.

Richly dressed, apparently in comfortable if not affluent circumstances, she seemed to me to be a typical mother. Her eyes were kind, large, dark and sympathetic. A little girl sat beside her and now sleepily nestled towards her mother. She folded her arm about the little one, and drawing the wee red-bonneted head close to her, clasped one tiny baby hand in hers, and then raised her head to listen to the sermon again.

I thought of the poor little innocents who are pinched to keep awake; of the scoldings others are given for sleeping in church; and from the bottom of my heart, I revered and respected the mother who, knowing that her baby daughter's notions of decorum were crude, and that the weary little maiden violated no law of duty or sense of right, gathered her in her arms with a wealth of tenderness and poured down from her love-kindled eyes, bright glances of inaffable affection.

We would that attention be paid to outward forms of respect, but the church where the children are taught that God is worshipped should not be made a place of punishment. If the little ones are wearied with enforced quiet and inactivity, should not the mothers gather them into their arms and let them sleep out their innocent slumber and dream their baby dreams to the content of their pure little hearts, for to them the law of kindness and the blessing of love is all they can understand of God as a Father.

An Odious Comparison.

Sogg—Foggy, old boy, you remind me of the earth.

Fogg—Ah, solid?

Sogg—N-n-aw. You ought to know better than that. That theory's exploded long ago.

Fogg (apologetically)—Of course, you're right—gaseous interior—but how these things do escape a man!—*Drake's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The modest girl expects little and has much. The greedy boy wants everything and receives nothing.

The Romance of Jeff. Davis' Courtship

The early life of Mr. Davis was not devoid of romance. His first marriage was with Sallie Knox Taylor, a daughter of Zachary Taylor, who was elected President of the United States in 1848, and the following circumstances, related in an old chronicle, are descriptive of the incident.

After the "Black Hawk war" Col. Taylor was assigned to the command of Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, then a wild region on the border, and removed thither with his family. Among the officers of the post was Lieut. Jeff. Davis, who had recently graduated from West Point, and being young, attractive, graceful, finely cultured, and a good talker, it was not long before he became a favorite with the command, especially the ladies. Among the latter, it was observed that Miss Sallie, or as her father called her, "Knox," was more deeply impressed than the others, and her father looking with disfavor upon the situation, resolved to break up the possible alliance. Accordingly one day, calling his daughter into the parlor he said to her:

"Knox, what can be the object of Lieut. Davis in visiting this house so often?"

"I can't imagine, father, unless it is to see and talk with me."

"You surely do not encourage these visits?"

"Why not? Lieut. Davis is handsome, generous, refined and courageous. Young ladies usually feel themselves complimented by the attentions of such gentlemen."

"This will never do—never do, Knox! I forbid him the house!"

"Why, father, what possible objection have you to Lieut. Davis?"

"He may be all that you claim for him, Knox, but he is too headlong and headstrong. If you should become his wife you would probably be left a widow after his first battle. In truth, there's no telling to what fate that young man's impetuosity will lead him. No, it won't do, Knox—never do!"

And without waiting for an answer Col. Taylor strode away with the imperious air of one whose word is law, leaving Miss Sallie to her tears and a woman's resolves.

Lieut. Davis received an intimation sufficiently pointed to indicate that his presence at Col. Taylor's could be dispensed with. Nothing of unusual interest occurred during the succeeding month, except that the health of the Colonel's accomplished daughter rapidly declined and her friends began to fear that she was marked as an early victim of the grave. Lieut. Davis, too, became irritable, and if any one dared to regret in his presence that Miss Sallie was not looking well, and on his account, his quick temper asserted itself in no uncertain tones.

One morning, some time before dawn, Col. Taylor was aroused from his sleep with the information that his daughter's pony was missing from the stable and that Miss Sallie was nowhere to be found.

"Can you tell me," he inquired of his servant, "whether Lieut. Davis' horse is in his stall?"

"Sure he's not, sor, and his sarvent protists a red skin has rode him away, for there's not another rider this side of his owner who could get such jumps from a horse as the Lieutenant's made, and that ye kin see by measuring the spurs betwixt his tracks."

That was enough for the Colonel. In a little while the house was aroused, and the whole garrison in a state of commotion. The general excitement was greatly augmented half an hour later by the discovery that Lieut. George Wilson (brother of Hon. Thomas F. Wilson of Dubuque, Iowa), and Miss Street, daughter of Gen. Street, were also missing. There could be but one surmise, namely, that an elopement had taken place in due form, with the regulation groomsman and bridesmaid in attendance, and that the parties were even then speeding with all haste to the nearest clergyman. It proved true, for a few hours later they were descried galloping homeward to the fort across the prairie.

While the event was a glad sensation among all the men, women and children of the little community that constituted the post, Col. Taylor declared with an oath as strong as he ever used that under no circumstances would he forgive Lieut. Davis or become reconciled with his daughter, and an alienation thereafter existed as wide as the poles of the earth.

Sixteen years later Gen. Zachary Taylor, commanding the American Army in Mexico, and Col. Jefferson Davis of the Mississippi Rifles, were again brought face to face. It was the 8th of January, 1848. The sun had gone down on the battlefield of Buena Vista, and Col. Davis, severely and at that moment supposed to be mortally wounded by a cannon ball, lay in his tent awaiting death. It was not a time to perpetuate a man's passions, and Gen. Taylor could well afford to be in a forgiving mood. Mounting his horse, "Old Whitey," he made his way to the marquee of his son-in-law and, approaching the bedside, grasped him by the hand. "Jeff," he said fervently, "with your glorious Rifles you have saved the day. Let me confess that 'Knox' knew your worth and your mettle better than I did."

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Prof. J. F. Davis

Is not only the leading teacher of Dancing in Canada, but he is also a Musician, Author and Composer. He has originated, composed and published music for his fashionable dances: "Ripple," Jersey, La Bronco, La Zisha, Lawn Tennis dance, &c.; is author and publisher of the book, "The Modern Dance Tutor"; successfully originated and taught the dances danced at the Rimmers, 1887; Art Fair (La Pavone), &c., 1888; Rimmers, 1889. He has taught dancing for over thirty years; his pupils number over fifteen thousand.

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BILLIARDS IN THE HOME CIRCLE

In a lecture on Amusements, delivered at Leith, Prof. Blackie said: "Man is a social animal, and if not provided with amusements he will plunge into vice. It is as necessary to have a good and comfortable, and I would say consecrated, place of amusement as to have a church. It is as necessary to have a good sleep as a good dinner, and it is as necessary to have good amusement as to have good sermons. I specially recommend billiards as having many advantages over other games. I have a little billiard table in my house, and the game is the best thing in the world."

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A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XIV.

"Shall I take off my hat before I sing?" said Miss West calmly.

She was in Hubert's sitting room. Mr. Lepel had the drawing-room floor of a large and fine old house in Russell square—a floor which contained two drawing-rooms opening out of each other, a bed and bath-room and a small den, generally called a smoking-room, although its master's pipes and cigars were to be found in all corners of the apartments. Hubert had partially furnished the rooms for himself, and thus done away with the bare and ungarnished appearance usually characteristic of a London lodging.

Miss West glanced around the room on her first entry with some astonishment largely commingled with admiration. The mixture of luxury and disorder which met her eyes might have surprised even persons more conversant with the world than Cynthia West. The golden-brown plush curtains between the rooms were half pushed back, and showed that the back-room had been turned into a library. Shelves crowded with books, tables heaped with them, a great writing-table and a secretaire, showed that Mr. Lepel used the room for what might be called "professional" purposes. But in the front drawing-room there had been attempts—and not unsuccessful attempts—at more artistic decoration. The curtains were of exquisite brocade, some charming etchings hung on the walls, great porcelain bowls of flowers had been placed on the oddly-shaped little tables that stood about the room. A portrait had been pulled out from the wall, and an Algerian shawl glistening with gold was loosely thrown over its back. Other articles of decoration were suggestive of foreign travel, a collection of murderous-looking weapons had been fastened on the wall between the two windows, some Eastern embroideries were thrown here and there over the furniture, and an inlaid mother-o'-pearl stool, an enormous narghileh, and some Japanese kakemonos gave the room quite an outlandish air. In spite of its oddness, there was a brightness and pleasantness about the place, due to the gay tints of the Oriental stuffs and the hue and fragrance of the flowers with which pots and bowls and vases were plentifully filled.

"Yes, take off your hat and cloak, please," said Hubert, "if you do not mind the trouble."

"It is no trouble at all; I can sing much better without my outdoor things," replied the girl promptly.

She took off her little black and white hat and her neat little jacket, and disclosed herself in a closely-fitting black gown which suited her admirably, in spite of its plainness. There was no touch of color or sign of ornament; a rim of white collar around the neck and the cuffs on her wrists gave the only relief to the gown's sombre hue. And yet, with the vivid beauty of her face above the plain dark garment, it seemed as if she could not have found a garb that was more absolutely becoming. She stood beside the little piano for a moment with a roll of music in her hand, and looked at Hubert questioningly.

"Shall I play my own accompaniment?" she asked.

"I never thought of that; I could have judged better of your voice if we had had an accompanist," said her host. "I could play for you myself if you like."

"No; I will do it," said Cynthia, decidedly. "Go to the other end of the room, and you, please, Mr. Lepel? You will hear me better there."

There was a pretty air of command about her which amused Mr. Lepel. Clever woman, he reflected, as he took up the position which she had recommended, was not one who would be contented with a secondary position anywhere. She evidently considered herself born to rule. Well, he would do her bidding; he had no objection to the rule of a pretty woman. He was not disposed to take Miss Hubert West and her singing very seriously—as yet.

Cynthia seated herself at the piano, while Hubert flung himself into an easy-chair by his father end of the room and crossed his arms behind his head in an attitude of attention and endurance, which showed that he was not expecting much and was prepared to bear the worst. For the singing of an average girl of eighteen or nineteen with an ambition to appear on a public stage is apt to try the nerves and sensibilities of the true-music lover, and Hubert Lepel was no mean critic of the art.

Cynthia played a few opening bars, and then began to sing a popular ballad of the day. When she had finished it, she did not look round, but went on fingering the notes, gliding gradually into another air. Then suddenly she broke out into a fine old Italian aria, which she sang with much fire and expression, exalting herself of every opportunity of *fioritura* and *cadenza* afforded by the song. And thence, with only a few bars of symphony between, she launched herself upon one of Schubert's most passionate love songs, and sang it in a style which brought the listener to his feet at its close in a musical rapture that almost defied expression.

"Why, good heavens," cried Hubert, with something not unlike a gasp, "who on earth taught you to sing like that? And your voice—do you know, Miss West, that your voice is simply magnificent!"

Cynthia kept her head down, and continued to finger the notes—mutely this time.

"I have been told that I might be able to sing at private concerts," she said demurely.

"Private concerts! You might sing at Her Majesty's or Covent Garden—with a little more training perhaps," said Hubert, trying to be cautious, but failing to hide the satisfaction which shone out of his eyes as he approached the piano. "Why have you never sung to any manager? At least you may have done so, but I never heard a word of it; and a voice like yours would be talked about, you know."

"I suppose it was old Lalli's fault," said Cynthia carelessly. "He always impressed upon me that I could not sing a bit, and that I must wait for years and years before I dare open my mouth in public."

"And who is old Lalli?" asked Hubert, gathering up her music and beginning to turn it over.

Cynthia crossed her white hands and looked down, a shadow flitting across her mobile face.

"He is dead," she said softly. "He was a very kind old friend. He lodged in the house where I am lodging now. As long as he lived I always had somebody to advise me—somebody to depend on."

Her voice faltered a little. Some moisture was visible on the long dark eyelashes as they hung over the fresh young cheeks. Hubert thought again that he had never seen a woman half so beautiful. The touch of emotion softened her loveliness—made it more human, more appealing. His tone was less light, but more simply friendly, when he addressed her again.

"Was he a musician?"

"He was a violinist in the Frivolity orchestra. He had been a singer once, I believe; at any rate, he knew a great about singing, and he used to give me lessons. He used to tear his hair and frown and stamp a great deal," said Cynthia, smiling tenderly; "but he was kind, and I loved him very much."

"You met with him at the boarding-house where you live, I suppose?" said Hubert carelessly.

Cynthia gave him a sudden glance. The color came into her face.

"No," she said slowly; "he took me there." She raised her right hand and struck a few soft notes with it before she resumed her speech. "You would like to know how it was perhaps?" She made long pauses between her sentences, as if she were considering what to say and what to leave unsaid. "I came to London about four years ago, in great trouble. I had lost all my friends—not because I had done anything wrong, but because of—other things. I wanted to get something to do in a shop as a servant girl—I did not care what. I tried all day, but nobody would give me work. I slept in the Park at night. Next day I began to search all over again, and again it was of no use. I had no money; I was very hungry and tired. I sat down on a step and cried, and at last some one said to me, 'What is the matter, my poor child?' And I looked up, frightened, and saw an old man with a long gray beard and very dark eyes and a kind face stooping over me. That was Signor Guido Lalli, of the Frivolity.

"I remember him in the band quite well," said Hubert. "He had a good face."

"Had he not?" exclaimed the girl with sudden passion. "He was the kindest, wisest, best man I ever knew! I could not help telling him, he looked so good. He made me tell him all about myself, and then he took me with him to the boarding-house in Euston Road where he lived, and said that he would be responsible to the landlady for me until I got something to do. And Mrs. Wadsley was so fond of him that she took me on trust for his sake. I don't believe she ever suspected how little he really knew about me. And next day he took me to some friends of his, and between them they got me a little engagement at a theatre; and then I had a small speaking part, and so on—you know as well as I do how young actresses go from step to step—so that I was able to support myself after a time and be no longer a burden upon him."

"And would he not let you sing?"

"No; he gave me lessons every day, and made me practice a long time; but I had to promise him that I would not sing to anybody but himself unless—unless I were obliged. I used to be angry about it; but he was so good to me that I always gave in to him in the end. I fancy now that he had a purpose in it all. When I was sufficiently trained, he wanted to take me to Mapleson or some other great *impresario*, and get him to bring me out in opera."

"Very likely. But you say he died?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a sigh, "he died—suddenly too, so that he did not even say good-bye. He was found dead one morning in his bed. Since then I have been all alone in the world; and I think Mr. Ferguson knew it, and wanted to take advantage of my position."

"No doubt of it."

"So then, as I had no engagement at the theater, I thought I would see whether my voice would do anything for me. And, as I told you last night, I made up my mind to speak to you."

Hubert had stood with his arms on the piano, looking gravely down on the girl's bent face as she told her story. As she paused, she raised her head, and her great dark eyes looked straight into his with an expression of mute appeal which stirred his feelings strangely. It moved him so much that he was forced to take down his arms and turn aside from the piano for a moment or two; he scarcely wanted her to see how deeply she was touched. He soon came back to her side however, and said—

"If I had refused to listen to you, what would you have done?"

"I don't know," she answered immediately.

"You would have gone to some manager—some celebrated *impresario*?"

"And been snubbed and repulsed by one and all" said Cynthia, with sudden passion.

She rose from the music stool and stood facing him; he saw her bosom rise and fall, he marked the varying colors in her cheeks, the light and shadow in her troubled eyes, as she poured out the impetuous words with which her heart was charged.

"I could not have borne it! I do not know how to put up with insult and contempt. I feel that I hate a man who has put me down in that way. I never could be meek and good like other girls. I don't mean that I want to be wicked—I hope I am not wicked—but, if you had failed me, I think that I should have gone straight away to London Bridge and thrown myself into the river—for I should have had no one left."

"My dear girl," said Hubert, rather gravely, "with that voice of yours you would have been very wrong to feel so very discouraged."

"Oh, what would the voice matter if I could get nobody to listen to it?" cried Cynthia, with fiery scorn. "I may have a fortune in my voice, but how will the fortune benefit me if I can't have it for the next five or ten years, and am starving in the meantime? I could not have stayed more than a few days at Mrs. Wadsley's, as I had no money, and was not likely to earn any. If I was turned out, where was I to go? It is winter now, not summer, as it was when I slept in the Park four years ago and dear old Lalli found me crying on the steps. A night out of doors in this weather would not leave me much voice to sing with, I fancy! No; I had made up my mind, Mr. Lepel—if you would not listen to me, I would go to London Bridge. If you think me wicked, I can't help it; it was my last resource."

With her cheeks flaming, her eyes gleaming beneath her black brows, it was plain that she was dominated by passion of no common strength, by will and pride which made it well-nigh impossible for her to lead an ordinary commonplace life. Hubert looked at her, stupefied, fascinated by her beauty; he was penetrated by an admiration that he had never felt for a woman in all his life before. And she was a mere girl yet! He knew that she would be ten times more beautiful in a few years' time.

"You were right to come to me," he murmured, scarcely knowing what he said as he gazed into the depths of the lustrous dark eyes.

"You need have no fear—you will succeed."

Cynthia drew a long breath. Her attitude changed a little; limbs and features seemed to relax, the color died slowly out of her flushed cheeks.

"You mean," she said, in a lower voice, "that you do not think, after all, that I was very wrong—bold, unwomanly, I mean—to speak to you, when I did not know you, in the street last night?"

"Certainly not."

"I had no claim on you, I know," proceeded the girl, the light of excitement fading out of her face and the perfect mouth beginning to quiver as she spoke. "It was only a fancy of mine that, as you had seemed to understand so well how dreadful it was to be alone—alone in this great terrible London—you would hold out a helping hand to a girl who only wanted work—just enough to gain her daily bread." She sobbed a little, and put her hand over her eyes.

"Miss West," said Hubert, seriously, with a desperate effort to retain a composure which was very hard to keep, "I can only assure you that I shall consider it an honor to be allowed to help in bringing you to the notice of men who will do far more for you than I can hope to do."

She withdrew her hand from her eyes and looked at him with a brilliant smile, though the tears were still wet on her eyelashes.

"You think I am worth helping?" she said.

"And you will help me—you yourself?"

"I will not rest," answered Hubert. "I will work night and day and give body and soul, and I'll see you a *prima donna* yet!"

They both laughed, and then, obeying an impulse without their hearts alike, held out their hands to each other and exchanged a friendly grasp.

CHAPTER XV.

The little village of Beechfield, like all other villages, had its dark corners where vice and misery reigned supreme. In old times Mr. and Mrs. Rumbold—good people as they were in their own fashion—had been content to leave these darker places to themselves; the decent religious poor of the parish gave them enough to do. But under the new rector's rule a new system had begun. The Reverend Maurice Evandale thought that his duty lay amongst the lost sheep as well as amongst those already in the fold. If he had been at Beechfield in the days before Sydney Vane's death, he would never have let poor Andrew Westwood and his child remain outcasts from the interests of religious life. He would have visited them, talked to them, persuaded the child to go to school, perhaps even induced the poacher to give up his vagrant ways; at any rate, he would not have let them alone, but would have grappled fearlessly with the difficulties of their position and with that hostility which seemed to exist between Westwood and the rest of the village. Whether he would have been successful or not it were indeed hard to say, but that he would have made a great effort to be so there can be no manner of doubt.

Mr. Evandale's new system produced a great sensation in the parish—not altogether a favorable sensation either; for the villagers, who had gone on so long in quiet, comfortable, self-complacent ways, did not regard with a favorable eye the changes which the rector introduced. All the old abuses which had slumbered peacefully in darkness for so many years were exposed relentlessly by this too-energetic young man. He swept away the village band of strinced instruments from the church gallery; he erected an organ in the chancel, and set the schoolmistress to play it; he introduced new tunes into the choir, new doctrines into the pulpit; he played havoc amongst all that was fusty and musty and venerable in the villagers' eyes. He talked about drainage, and had an inspector down to investigate the state of the village water supply; he waged war upon the publicans, set up an institute and library for the village youths, taught the boys, played with them—thrashed them too occasionally—and made himself a terror to evil-doers and the idol of the young ladies of the place. Naturally much was said against him, especially behind his back. To his face, people did not venture to say much. The young rector had such a fearless way of looking straight into people's eyes, of saying what he meant and expecting other people to do the same, that he inspired something like fear in the shiftier and less trustworthy part of the community. On the other hand, the weak, the sick, the very young, instinctively loved and trusted him. "He is beautiful in a sick-room," averred the elder women. Perhaps his words seemed beautiful to them because they felt that by some mysterious law of sympathy he understood their sorrows without having been a partaker in them, that he had an infinite pity for the erring and the suffering, and that he never felt himself less of a brother to his flock because so many of that flock were sinful and ignorant and degraded.

So, parson though he was, he became the friend and confidant of half the village; and strange tales were poured into his ear sometimes—tales which the tellers would formerly have laughed at the idea of relating to the rector of the parish so long as Mr. Rumbold reigned supreme. But to Maurice Evandale nothing seemed to come amiss; he had interest and sympathy for all. Stern to impenitent sinners he certainly was—brutal men and idle lads cowered under the lash of his rebuke; but there was not a soul in the village who did not also know that a sense of repentance, an act that showed a yearning after better things, was sufficient to melt the rector's wrath and turn him from a judge and censor into a friend. Judging from the progress that Maurice Evandale had already made in the hearts of his people, there was a fair likelihood that if he stayed much longer he would be master of their affections and their intellects in a way which was unprecedented indeed at Beechfield.

He was not often at Beechfield Hall. The General liked his society extremely, but Mrs. Vane declared that it fatigued her.

"The man is so oppressively blunt and downright," she said, "that one never knows what to expect from him next. He is a perfect bear."

"But, my dear Flossy, he comes of a very good family, and I have heard him praised on all sides for his distinguished manners," expostulated the General. "I never knew a young man so courteous, so polished."

"I am spoiled for young men, General," said Flossy, extending her hand very graciously to her white-haired husband.

It was not often that she showed herself so actively amiable towards him. She was usually somewhat passive, receiving his attentions with a languid indifference which would have disconcerted some men, but which did not disconcert the unsuspicious old General. He was delighted with her little compliment, kissed her hand gallantly, and vowed that nobody should come near the house whom she disliked. So Maurice Evandale was not invited a second time to dinner.

Naturally Enid was not consulted in the matter. She never expressed any opinion at all concerning the new rector. She had always been a regular church-goer, and, wet or fine, never failed to be present at the class over which she presided when at Beechfield. She was not a whit more regular in her attendance at church and school than she had been before, whereas giddy girls like the doctor's daughter and the lawyer's bevy of fair damsels, and even the members of a neighboring squire's large family of girls, had all taken to attending Mr. Evandale's services and schools with the ample regularity. Flossy, who seldom went to church herself, but always inquired diligently after the worshippers and exacted an account of their names and number from her young kinswoman, used to utter sarcastic little gibes anent these young women's clearly-manifested preference for Mr. Evandale and we heard to say rather sharply that, if Enid followed their example, it would be worth while to have the horses put on a Sunday and drive over to the cathedral of Whitminster six miles away. But Enid never gave any sign of liking the new rector any better than she had liked Mr. Rumbold; and, as to take the General away from the church in which he had been almost every Sunday since he came home from active service in India after his old father's death would have been to uproot one of the most deeply-rooted instincts of his life, Flossy was wise enough to let the matter pass and to content herself with wishing that the patron of the living had given it to an older man—or at least to a married man. There was always danger when a bachelor of eight-and-twenty, good-looking—indeed very handsome—and with a comfortable income, came into close contact with young and romantic girls And Florence did not intend Enid to marry Mr. Evandale—she had other views for her.

It was strange to see how this white, silent, languid woman, whose only occupations in life seemed to be eating, sleeping, driving and dressing, was able to mould the natures and ambitions of others to her liking. Behind the mask of Flossy's pensive beauty lay a brain as subtle, a will as inflexible, a heart as cold as ever daring criminal possessed. Nothing daunted or repelled her, and in other circumstances and other times her genius might have made her a mark for the execration of all succeeding ages. But her sphere was not large; she had but indifferent material to work upon in the seclusion of a country home and the company of an old country gentleman and his niece; and she could but do her best to gain her ends, even though the path of them lay across bleeding hearts and lives laid waste by her cruelty.

(To be Continued.)

Art in Dress.

The peaked lapel and the shawl collar "swallow tail" are the only coats that can be properly worn for evening dress, though the dress sack is perfectly correct for "stag" parties. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 59 Yonge street.

Bon-Bons.

"Ma, what is hush?" asked a little boy.

"Why, my dear, do you ask?"

"Because I asked sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so behind, and she said, 'Hush!'"

A man's curiosity never reaches the feminine standard until someone tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

"That man has had the *entree* to many of our best houses."

"What, that villainous looking creature Who is he?"

"Jimmie Faith, the burglar."

The sight of a fat man trying to look graceful in a bathing suit is what makes the little baldheaded fishes stand on their tails and grin.

Captain—We are now about to cross the Equator.

Lady—Indeed? Lisette, run and fetch my opera-glass. I want to have a good look at it.

The latest phase of the eternal epigrammatic duel between mother-in-law and son-in-law.

Mother-in-law is walking across the drawing-room when a heavy clock falls with a crash on a spot which the good lady has just passed over.

Son-in-law murmurs to himself, gently:

"Too slow, as usual."

Two Hearts That Beat as One.

"Dearest, you have made me the happiest man in the world," said the fond lover, after his sweetheart's consent. "We are from henceforth one," said he.

"Oh, isn't that lovely?" she cooed. "All one, eh? Just as if you were I and I were you!"

"Yes, dear, we shall know each other's thoughts and feelings, and—why, what is the matter, love?"

"I felt something bite us, didn't you?"

A Wise Man.

Possibly the most sensible speech ever delivered, a perfect gem of brevity, was that of a man who, during some riots, was asked what his politics were. He did not know on which side his interrogators were, but he looked at their weapons, the pistols and bludgeons, and then made answer: "Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gentleman there with the big axe!"

That Fixed It.

Diner (complainingly)—This bill of fare is all French.

Waiter (reassuringly)—Niver you moind that, sur; the cook is Oirish."

The Old Man Broke.

Chilly—I hear that the engagement between you and Miss Crash is broken of, Muneyseker. Who broke it off—you or Miss Crash?

Muneyseker—Neither. Her father broke it off."

Chilly—How was that?

Muneyseker—He failed!

Precision of Language.

Sharpley—Look at that splendid woman.

Mr. Banque Clark—What a grand color she has!

Sharpley—Not color, my dear boy—coloring.

Abdicating the Throne.

Mrs. Upton Flatte—Why do you cry, cook?

Bridget (about to be married)—It's meself that'll soon be no better than the rest of yez. —*Puck.*

His Last Attempt To Ride Free.

Conductor—Now, gentlemen, your tickets, please.

Razzle Rooney (from the wood-box, where he thinks he has been detected)—Director of der road, sir.—*Judge.*

The Pace Was Too Rapid.

An unfortunate riding-master in a traveling circus took cold and a doctor was called in. After examining his patient the medicine-man said rather brutally:

"You are in a galloping consumption, my friend."

"Galloping! Good heavens, doctor," said the poor devil, "for goodness sake try to make it walk."

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

The autumn day was over; night had come with drearily moaning wind and heavily-falling rain. In his dressing-room at Brayscombe, Hugh Cameron sat alone, thinking, as he leaned back in his arm-chair by the fire, of the dreadful destruction of all his hopes.

The day had seemed to him very long. He had spent most of his time by Lady Sara's sofa, holding her hand in his and forcing a smile when her eyes met his. The poor mother could not bear him out of her sight in her agony of tenderness and remorse; and Hugh had striven bravely to lessen that anguish—so bravely that neither his mother nor Nest suspected how great the effort was; only his father, with his clearer insight, with his remembrance of how he himself had once suffered, guessed how difficult it was to feign that calmness, and force those smiles which gave such comfort to Lady Sara.

Hugh had accepted his position with a silent, patient endurance which had won his father's deepest respect. He had uttered no word of reproach against Sir Humphrey Gerant or against Stanley, when he knew the reason for their conduct; even now he did not blame them; and yet, had not his father been faithful to the woman he had loved when she had wronged him cruelly?

He raised his head, which had been resting on his hand, and looked about him, trying to shake off his depression.

"If I think of her, I shall go mad!" he muttered between his teeth. "Let me rather dwell on my father's suffering and his magnanimity."

There was a book lying on the table at his elbow, which he had placed there on entering the room and had forgotten. It was a thick manuscript book, the cover of which was stamped in gold with the initials "A. C.", and as Hugh raised his head his eyes fell upon it, and his face changed slightly.

"I had forgotten!" he murmured. "Poor Nest! I promised her to read what she had marked. She too has suffered. What have we Camerons done to be so cruelly tried? We are generous!" He broke into a bitter laugh. "I have no right to class myself among them—I who have no name but through the pity and forbearance of my poor father!"

He drew the book towards him half reluctantly. It would give him the details of that far-off trouble which overshadowed his life now; but he was weary of the story which was so full of shame and bitterness for him. No one would suffer by it as he suffered; for he would bear to his dying day the burden of its shame.

Hugh sighed wearily as he opened the book. It was his aunt's diary, and the pages she had marked towards the end of the book were those relating to his mother's sad story. As he turned over the leaves, he saw that in the earlier portion of the volume the pages were close and the pages were entirely covered, that this was followed by a blank, then only a few brief lines had been written after the dates, and that some days had no record at all. The marked pages were, however, closely covered with Nest's graceful handwriting, and here and there the leaves were blotted as if tears had once shed upon them.

Hugh drew a candle nearer to him and began to read; and, as he did so, the clock proved clock in the hall sounded the hour of midnight.

"August 7th, 18—.—A few short days since I was regretting that this diary, begun at a time when I was so happy that I felt I must have some outlet for my happiness, would be nothing in future but the record of monotonous days full of trivial details; but I was mistaken. Once more I have had to come to my diary for relief—not from excess of joy, but excess of sorrow.

"Perhaps, if I write it all down, it will take away some of its haunting unreality, and I shall feel that I am not under the influence of some hideous dream. Let me try the experiment. It is even possible that I may wish to refer back to it some day.

"The weather has been terribly hot during the last few days. Summer has come upon us rather late this year; but it is making up for its tardy appearance. Sara has seemed to feel it a great deal; she has been restless and uneasy, almost as if she had had a presentiment of the evil which was at hand.

"This evening, after dinner, we—Sara and I—were alone in her boudoir—the room which she thinks the pleasantest in this pleasant old house. The windows opening on to the lawn were open, and Hugh, in his velvet suit with his dark hair cut square on his forehead, had been running in and out. The heat does not seem to impair his activity, and he had been enlivening us with his chatter all day. But, when he had gone off to bed, silence fell upon us, as it often does when we are alone. Sometimes I have thought that Sara, like myself, has her dark hours; but, with a husband whom she loved and who adored her, and so beautiful and healthy a child as Hugh, I had put the thought away as absurd. Philip had gone into the library to write some letters; and, when the door closed after him, Sara's pretty color faded, and she leaned back in her chair, looking pale and weary, but perfectly lovely, as she always does. Presently she rose, went to the piano, and struck a few chords.

"'It is too hot to play!' she said, in her pretty petulant way; and she went to the window and stood there leaning against the frame.

"I looked over at her, thinking how beautiful she was. I loved her for her beauty; but not for that alone. No mother, no sister could have been more tender, more patient with me than she was when that storm swept over my life and made it desolate.

"I had resumed my reading, and a few minutes had passed, when a strange sound made me look up. Sara was moving slowly backwards from the window, holding out her hands as if to ward off some invisible horror, and I heard a voice from the veranda without utter her name harshly and imperatively. The next moment a man stood on the threshold of the window.

"Sara was deadly pale, her lips were colorless and parted in horror, as she gazed out wildly into the semi-darkness where the man lingered, hesitating to advance, as I fancied, but I was mistaken, for the next moment he came forward into the lighted room.

"As the man advanced, Sara retreated, her eyes never moving from his face. Some startling was her expression that I could not utter a word in my surprise and alarm.

"The intruder was a man of middle age, who might at one time have been handsome, but on whose face hard living and ignoble thoughts had left indelible lines. His dress was shabby and dirty, he was unshaven, and his bleared eyes gleamed beneath the broken brim of his cap with an expression of triumphant cruelty horrible to see. For a moment I looked at him, then, with an irrepressible shudder, turned my eyes upon my sister.

"She had retreated from him until the wall had barred any further movement; and she stood leaning against it, still holding out her hands with that strange repellent gesture.

"'I see you know me!' he said, in a harsh husky voice. 'There is no need to introduce myself, is there? And yet it is so long since we met that I should not be surprised if you had not recognized me, especially as I have altered more than you have.'

"She answered not a word; but the expression of horror on her face deepened.

"'I have surprised you,' he said, with a careless laugh. 'I have waited two days for this opportunity. You see, I was considerate; I did not wish to intrude when your husband was present—your husband!' He laughed again, mockingly. 'And you are such an inseparable pair of turtle doves that I began to fear I should have to spoil sport. I thought you were alone now,' he added, scowling at me.

"'Still she did not speak a word—which seemed to disconcert him, I thought, for he uttered an impatient exclamation.

"'You don't seem overjoyed to see me!' he said savagely. 'Your reception leaves much to be desired. I have been searching for you far and wide since I left my late residence. I was rather crippled for funds, you see, or I might have found you out sooner. The wife'—he laughed again—'of the millionaire shipowner, herself an Earl's daughter and a beauty, has too lofty a position in the world of fashion not to be easily discovered. But I had to travel on foot, you see, and that has given my hair and beard time to grow. Why don't you speak? he broke out suddenly. 'Has joy stricken you dumb?'

"A great trembling seized her as she stood leaning against the wall. I moved slowly towards her. A few minutes before I had been about to ring and summon the servants; but now my fear was lest any one should come in until this dreadful intruder had departed. I saw he had some claim upon Sara which she could not ignore.

"Suddenly she raised her hands and pressed them to her temples.

"'Not dead!' she said, in a low hollow tone. 'Not dead!'

"'Not dead? Of course not!' he replied jeeringly. 'You thought I was, did you? Well, the wish was father to the thought, I suppose! I am sorry to disappoint you; but I am very much alive, I assure you; and the extreme regularity of the last ten years of my life has greatly improved my health. But come,' he added—'I have traveled a long way for the welcome which my faithful and dutiful wife seems inclined to withhold!'

"A low cry of horror broke from me. What did it mean? Instinctively I drew near to Sara and put my arm around her; but she seemed quite unconscious of my presence.

"'Wife!' she echoed, in the same hollow tone.

"'Yes—wife,' he answered calmly. 'The term is the correct one, I imagine.'

"'I am not your wife!' she gasped.

"'I am sorry to contradict you; but I cannot leave your assertion unchallenged,' he returned, with a hoarse laugh. 'You're not going to faint, are you?' he asked, starting forward and seizing her arm as she swayed forward suddenly.

"I think she would have fainted but for his touch. That roused her; she shook off his hand with a gesture of loathing, and drew herself up, looking at him with flashing eyes. The movement stung him, blunted and debased as he appeared to be.

"'Oh, I am not good enough for you now!' he said savagely. 'You were willing enough to sacrifice a good deal for me ten years ago!'

"Sara shuddered convulsively; she, trembling almost as much as herself, I interposed.

"'You are terrifying my sister!' I exclaimed, as firmly as I could. 'If you will not leave us, I must ring for the servants!'

"He laughed and glanced at me carelessly.

"'You are a girl of spirit,' he said; 'but, if you have any regard for your sister, as you call her, you will do nothing of the kind. Your best course is to hold your tongue and not to interfere between man and wife!'

"'Sara,' I whispered, 'tell me it is not true—let me send for Philip!'

"She cannot deny it,' declared the man sullenly. 'She is my wife! Your brother the millionaire is out of the running. He has had a good long innings; it is my turn. *La femme doit suivre son mari*, you know!'

"Sara raised her drooping head and looked at him.

"'I would die first,' she said wildly.

"He shrugged his shoulders and laughed again.

"'I am sorry to force your inclination,' he said, with an affectation of courtesy which was more repulsive than his brutality. 'But, *que voulez-vous!*'

"'I am the wife of a good man,' she pleaded piteously. 'He never injured you. Oh, be merciful—spare him!'

"'My dear girl,' he rejoined calmly, 'Mr. Philip Cameron has as much right to suffer as the rest of us. You are a lovely woman, Sara, and I feel all my old affection for you reviving.'

"'Oh, Heaven,' she moaned—'have pity!'

"A look of mortal agony contracted her face, her limbs became rigid, and she must have sunk to the ground but for a pile of cushions beside us on which I managed to place her.

"'Oh, be silent—you are killing her!' I cried, in an agony of fear; for indeed I thought she was dying. 'Leave her with me, I implore you, since I have not the right to send you away!'

"'I see she is a little overcome,' he said coldly. 'She will be better in a moment.'

"Her eyes were turned upward to mine with an awful expression of agony, and she covered lower and lower upon the cushions, as if she would slip from my arms. Suddenly I felt her shudder, she sprang to her feet. Upon the death-like silence in the room a sound had fallen—we could hear Philip as he came down the corridor, which led to the room where we were, singing to himself a few lines from one of his favorite duets:

"'Oh that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white sails of incoming
From river and mead and town!
Oh that we two—oh that we two—
Oh that we two sat dreaming!'

"'Nest,' gasped Sara as the sound came nearer, 'it is Philip—it is Philip! Keep him out! Oh, great heavens, don't let him come—don't let him come!'

"She was half-clinging to me, half pushing me from her. For a moment I hesitated—for she was swaying to and fro, and I feared she would fall; but she repeated wildly: 'Don't let him come!' and, as fast as my trembling limbs would allow, I hurried to the door. But I was too late. Before I could reach the door, it opened from without, and Philip, handsome, smiling, with the words of his song still upon his lips, entered the room, and, advancing a few steps, paused suddenly, looking with mingled amazement and anger at the scene before him.

(To be Continued.)

They Could Escape Him.

A gentleman was talking to a blind beggar. "Well, my poor fellow, how's business?" he asked.

"Dull, sir, dull!"

"I wonder why that. Blindness is so touching."

"Ah, sir, it has its drawbacks. The stingy ones can pass us without giving anything. They know we can't see them blush.

She Obeyed Orders.

Marian—What do you think of Mr. Derby, Gladys?

Gladys—He seems to be a very agreeable young man.

Marian—Well, I didn't like him a bit.

Gladys—Why not?

Marian—Why, we stood under the mistletoe together when he came this evening, and he didn't—well, he didn't, that's all.—*Harper's Bazar.*

From Tragedy to Grim Farce.

"It was seven years ago," said Mr. C. R. H. Davis, in the St. Louis *Republic*, "that I saw justice turn from tragedy to farce in a twinkling. It was in one of the board court houses of the mining regions that I, as foreman of a jury, led my colleagues out, and with long face pronounced the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree upon the prisoner. Then I sat down, my chair tilted against the window, and listened to the stern decree of the court, 'to hang by the neck until dead.'—

"Just then three pals of the condemned man walked in with loaded guns, and the sentence was never finished. I dropped back through the window, the court followed, and the prisoner never has been seen to this day."

Are There Others Like Her?

"Augustus, dear, I bought something awfully nice to-day in town," remarked Katherine at dinner last evening in the little Queen Anne cottage on Staten Island, as she looked across the table at her young husband.

"Yes, dear!"

"Yes; I bought your Christmas present."

"What was it?"

"Oh, I can't tell you now. And I bought the present you are going to give Marjorie."

"My present to Marjorie!"

"Yes, and the present you're going to give the baby."

"But, my dear, I—"

"Oh, it is just lovely. You will see it on Christmas Eve. And I bought the present you're going to give me, and—"

"But, really, Katherine, I should like to choose my own present to—"

"Oh, I know it is just what you would have thought of; and I saw a lovely thing which I am going to get for Marjorie to give you, but you'll have to give me the money for it, dear; I spent all I had. And I want to get your present to sister Jessie, too, and—"

Augustus said something right there, but as he said it to himself it wouldn't be fair to repeat it. He is wondering to-day if there are any other young (or old) husbands in this city whose wives have so thoughtfully taken upon themselves the selection of the family Christmas presents. He wonders if all women are built on that plan. Perhaps some of our readers may enlighten him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Enthusiasm at a High Pitch.

First Enthusiastic Chicagoan (on busy corner)—We must have the World's Fair, and we must beat the Eiffel Tower.

Second Chicagoan—Yes, we want one twice as high and three times as broad.

Third Chicagoan—That's only imitation. Let's do something fresh.

Fourth Chicagoan—I have it. Let's dig a hole through the earth, put in an elevator and run passengers down to China for ten cents.

Fifth Chicagoan—Good! It can be done for a million billion. Let's run around and get subscriptions for half of it to begin on.

Sixth Chicagoan—That's the talk, and we want grand buildings, too; no wood and iron for us. Every structure should be of marble.

Seventh Chicagoan—Or silver.

Eighth Chicagoan—Make'em of gold-studded diamonds.

Ninth Chicagoan—Glorious! Use the diamonds for windows. What we want is—

Waggish New Yorker (interrupting)—Beg pardon, gentlemen, but I am a bill collector for—

All (suddenly vanishing)—See you later.—*New York Weekly.*

Not a Surprise.

Kentucky Official—Madam, I am after your son. He got into a fight in a saloon in our town and killed four men.

Mrs. Backwoods—Wall, now, did he really? I s'pose the dear boy was sleepy. Ever since he was a little baby he was always sort o' cross when he was sleepy.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Thirst for Knowledge.

City Belle—I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science.

Mr. De Science (member of the American Ornithologist's Union)—Thank you, but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the Ornithological Convention at the Museum of Natural History, and the sessions will soon be over.

"What kind of a convention did you say?"

"Ornithological—about birds, you know."

"Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do you think they will be worn much next season?"—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Moment With Science.

Called (great scientist)—The working of the human mind when asleep are full of wonder. Have you never started from a sound, dreamless sleep, with every sense on the alert, and with your whole being thrilled with a vivid yet indefinable feeling that something was wrong, and instant action required?

Mrs. Tantrum—Often, and in nearly every case I have found that I was awakened by the fumbling of my husband's night key at the front door.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

After the Festivities.

Mistress—Are these the apples I sent you to get?

Bridget—They are that same.

Mistress—Why have you bitten them all?

Bridget—Sure, mum, ye told me to get nothin' but good eatin' apples, an' I knew every one av thim; an' what wid the grane wans an' the wormy wans, I'm like to die!—*Harper's Bazar.*

It Was His Specialty.

True friends meeting in the street:

"You're no better, then! asks one. You certainly do look seedy.

"Yes, live as usual, you know, I have been to ten doctors for it.

"Have you been to Dr. Blanc? He is the only man who can do you good.

"Made a special study of it?

"Oh, yes, he's a martyr to it himself.

The Story of the Little Man and the Little Maid.

The drama lifts its curtain
The players are arrayed,
The garlands are got ready,
And, when the money's paid,
You see a little man
And he woes a little maid.

Dame Fiction pens her tablets,
They're a million copies made,
Her theme is love, and by any name;
When all is done and said
It's all about a little man
Who woes a little maid.

The puppets take their places,
The farce of Life is played;
'Tis a shifting panorama
With all the world displayed,
For you're, yourself, the little man
Or you're the little maid.

—*Christmas Puck.*

When Marriage is a Failure.

According to a bachelor editor, the following is why so many marriages prove a failure. He says that nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they have two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are as old as their grandmothers in schemings. Occasionally one of these goslings marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking or worrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little rascals would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they think there is not going to be girls enough to go around, and they begin to get their work in real spry; and before they are aware of the toxicity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cookstove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after a doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too, and when the doctor gets there, there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll baby. It is a shame and a disgrace.—*Cincinnati Medical Journal.*

Christmas-Land.

When Christmas white comes in the night
And lines the lawn, the glade and glade,
Then doing lads and lassies haste
To reach in dreams, the land of taste
Along the fields of jujube paste,
Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
A minute for a month awake,
Until they reach the honeyed land
Where sugar takes the place of sand,
And gum-drop trees on every hand
Are plundered by the vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
And jellied into dales and dells;
The peaks in taffy ridges rise
Where rock-candy shows up to skies;
Where bushes bend with custard pies,
And trees hang low with caramels.

The streams that leap adown the steep
Are melting creams of frozen ice;
And those in valleys below
With "mallows" softened by the sun
Into the spongy-cake valley run,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead, with eager speed,
The youngsters fit like sunny gleams;
But ere a single sip they take
The jelly moment shakes to quake.
It topples—tumbles; they awake
And—that's the way it is with dreams.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Where He Made His Mistake.

One of the store windows down town displays an elaborate set of furniture of a style and arrangement that would be suitable either for a wedding chamber or the sleeping room of a wealthy bachelor. On a soft Turkish rug stands a richly carved bedstead with a bed upon it invitingly ready for use, several fragile chairs with gilt frames a big lounging chair, and a handsome dressing case with a lofty mirror. Scattered about in picturesque confusion are many dainty bits of bric-a-brac.

A motley crowd stood in front of the window the other night gazing admiringly at this picture of comfort. In the center of the crowd stood a big man with long flowing side whiskers. He was talking in a loud voice to a modest-appearing woman who clung to his arm.

"It's wonderful how they get up things nowadays," the man was saying. "Why, when I was a boy no one would ever think of chipping out grooves and hollows in a good solid piece of walnut like that bedstead there, and nobody would dare to put on a chair for fear of ruining his friend's clothes. And just look at the images! Them's downright deceitful. Nobody can hardly tell that that cat over there isn't real, and everything about her's so natural except her tail, which is too short. Nobody ever see a regular live cat with a tail like that. It's funny how they do things, I think. It shows the firm's trying to do business on a square basis, and ain't trying to deceive no one——"

The big man's discourse came to a sudden end, for the cat rose to its feet, stretched itself lazily, and walked away.

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Stimulate the Liver
and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.
During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I compounded taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.
For a number of years I was troubled with Billiousness, which almost destroyed my health. This ailment consisted in Costiveness, Indigestion, Headache, and Dizziness soon followed. I became weak, emaciated, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. They cured me, speedily, and I now believe them to be the most reliable cathartic in use.—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.
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Grandmother's Christmas Turkeys.

Long years ago a little child played around the door of a farmhouse. The dwelling's front was squarely built, but it had a long line of kitchens and wood-house trailing after it.

Cherry trees lined the fence enclosing the dooryard. Beneath them, on the right, an old weather-beaten bench stood. On it were set milk pails and cans that coquetted with the sunbeams which flashed bright glances at them through the mass of foliage and bloom. Near the gate a smoke house stood, and a little from it was a low board frame, in which some young turkeys were wandering aimlessly about.

The child leaned over the boards and watched them. "Ain't they got funny little yellow legs, grandpa," she exclaimed, as an old man emerged from the woodshed door. Then, catching sight of a large pan of salt, which he carried, she cried excitedly, "Where are you going? O, I know—to salt the sheep! Can't I go to?"

Wistfully she looked into his face, while the eager child-question broke from her lips. He glanced down at the tiny figure; he thought of the long lane, the steep hills, and hesitated; but the pleading eyes and childish half-troubled face over-ruled his objections, and after a moment he said, "Well, run and ask your ma."

Swiftly she sped and, half breathless reached the busy mother, putting her question with dilated eyes. But mother thought the way too long, and the grass too damp. In tears the little one made haste to rejoin the waiting grandfather. Half sobbing she made known her cause for grief in the brief sentence, "Mamma says I can't go." As he went on alone, she followed him to the gate, climbed up on it, and, with rebellious little heart sat and watched him go slowly to the barn, then down and up the winding hill road; finally catching the last glimpse of his straw hat as it disappeared behind the tangled, projecting roots of a stump fence.

She thought of the cool green flats, with the noisy river gurgling and chattering over the sharp stones. She seemed to see the sheep which, in response to her grandfather's call, "Nan, Nan, Nan," came running towards him. She fancied she saw their slender legs, and quivering woolly coats, as they leaped over stones and fallen brush, hurrying to him with their plaintive, "Ba! Ba! Ma!"

Like older children she roamed with fancy's aid in forbidden paths; and forgot that the sun shone just as brightly up by the farmhouse, and that the trees were laden to bending with the dazzling promise of cherries by-and-bye.

After a little, she climbed down from the gate, picked some dandelions, and then wandered over to look at the little turkeys again.

"I didn't come to feed you, you little greedies," she cried as they came to her, with outstretched necks, and eyes which seemed to reproach her.

Listlessly she looked at them for a moment and then with a bright smile, exclaimed triumphantly, "If I can't go and help salt the sheep, I'll salt the turkeys!"

The yellow flowers dropped from her hand; and she hurried into the woodshed. The barrel of salt was high, but, scrambling up and tipping herself over its edge, she managed to fill her hands with glistening crystals.

No one saw her—grandma was making pies in the pantry; mother was sewing away upstairs and Mary, busied with her kitchen work, did not notice the wee woman.

Without being questioned she carried the salt out and scattered it down before the restless fowls. They pecked it greedily and the child forget her disappointment and played about—the happiest of care-free little ones.

Grandfather came home. Dinner was over and grandmother, carrying a shining dish of food, went out to feed her fowls.

They did not run towards her, and an astonishing sight greeted her when she reached their little home. The poor little turkeys—Christmas turkeys—were lying on the ground. Some were dead; others still living, though gasping as if choking. All were certainly destroyed. Grandmother's exclamations of wonder soon drew several members of the family around her. All were mystified until some grains of salt were discovered beside one of the dead fowls. The puzzling question was how did the salt get there. Half proud of her accomplishment the little girl, not dreaming her hand had scattered death, told them with baby earnestness, "I couldn't go with grandpa to salt the sheep, and I just salted the turkeys instead."

Every one laughed a little, and, then by a few words the child understood that the salt had killed the "poor little turkeys." She was not scolded. The innocently told tale precluded the decision "malice aforethought," but that day—the sunny May day, the half-amused group and the dead fowls were all fastened in her mind.

Grandmother drew a long breath and looked down half-sternly at the now shrinking little figure, then smiled reassuringly as she whispered, "Never mind, you didn't know, dear."

Turning to the rest she said, with a sigh, "Well, I've heard that salt would kill turkeys, but I never believed it before. We'll have to buy 'em for Christmas now."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

The Customary Christmas Story.

Robert Smith was the customary Christmas millionaire. That is to say he had a hard heart, a great deal of money, and no chickens or children of his own. He could draw his check for thousands, and, what is more to the point, it would be cashed upon presentation at the bank, if properly endorsed. Mr. Smith had in his employ the customary Christmas clerk, with the customary half-starved appearance, the customary large family, and the customary small salary.

As he left his customary dingy office on the evening before Christmas the customary snowstorm was in progress and the shop windows were lighted up with their customary brilliancy, sending out customary gleams of light, brightening up in their customary way the usual cheerless scene without. The regular Christmas chimes were ringing out their customary gladsome peal, announcing, as is customary at this time of the year, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

But there was the customary absence of response in the heart of Robert Smith. He was thinking the customary Christmas thought of the customary Christmas millionaire—that is, whether it would not be wise to go around to his bookkeeper's the next day, and, as is usual, announce that, beginning with January 1, his salary would be cut down twenty-five per cent. This would mean an annual saving of $36.67, and it seemed quite worth the while.

Robert Smith went to bed on Christmas Eve with the intention customary to Christmas millionaires of getting up next morning to make somebody else uncomfortable.

But the customary spirit of Christmas came during the night and sat on Robert Smith's digestive appurtenances, causing him to see the customary visions intended to show Christmas millionaires the error of their ways.

It was Christmas morning. As Robert Smith buttoned the customary overcoat about him and stepped out in the customary bracing Christmas air, his eyes beamed with the customary new light, and his features bore the customary benevolent smile of the Christmas millionaire, who has been interviewed by the Spirit of Christmas.

At last he reached the humble home of his bookkeeper. To the door came the wife of that individual with the customary wan look and the customary number of children clinging to her skirts, and staring at the millionaire with the customary half-scared eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" she said, with the customary tremor in her voice. "Come in!" and going through the customary act of wiping off a chair with her apron she invited the millionaire to be seated.

"Is your husband here?" asked Robert Smith.

"No, sir."

"Well, it makes no difference," replied the Christmas millionaire, trying to hide the real feeling of his heart, which made the customary effort to show itself in his face. "Yesterday I had made up my mind to reduce his salary 25 per cent., beginning with the first of January. But I have changed my mind.

The usual surprised look crept into the face of the bookkeeper's wife.

"I find that a twenty-five per cent. reduction figures out $36.67. I dislike odd figures so we will call it an even $40."

"My husband expected you would be here this morning, and left this note for you," said the bookkeeper's wife, producing a letter from beneath her apron.

Robert Smith brought out his penknife, and, with the customary deliberation of the Christmas millionaire, cut the envelope. This is what he read:

CHRISTMAS EVE.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—

I sail for Spain to-morrow morning to find out why there is no extradition law between that country and the United States. My wife and children follow later. I do not lock the safe to-night, as it contains no negotiable securities or money. I also leave on my desk the power of attorney to sign checks on your account at the bank. The account is thirty-six cents overdrawn, and I have no further use for the power. Good bye, Smith! Merry Christmas, and many of 'em!

Robert Smith gasped the customary gasp, and then proceeded to kick himself down to his lawyer's. He wanted to get out an attachment on the grand piano on which the bookkeeper's eldest daughter had been artistically playing with one finger:

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

—METCALF, in *N. Y. Life.*

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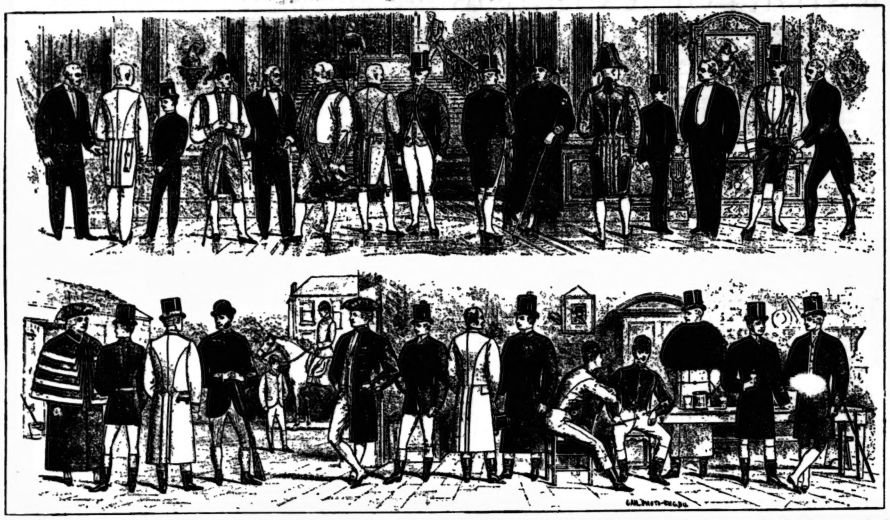

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